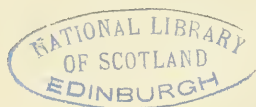


Glen 199.

(11)

ONE
HUNDRED
SONGS,
MUSIC AND WORDS,
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.



LONDON:

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF ST. PAUL'S.

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CONTENTS.

A Happy Home is mine.....	58	Let them sing who may.....	58
A Life in the West.....	36	Little Fools and Great Ones.....	48
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....	46	Little Gay Deceiver, the.....	15
Almighty Spirit.....	76		
A Song for a Stormy Night.....	65	Main Truck, the or a Leap for Life.....	20
Beautiful Streamlet, how precious to me.....	62	Man the Life Boat.....	66
Believe not the Tales they have told Thee of me.....	32	Merrily, merrily, merrily, O.....	38
Blow, blow, wild Winds.....	31	Merry Mariners, the.....	61
Bright Hope is dead.....	66	Minstrel of the Tyrol, the.....	27
By the Crimson Hue of the fair Sunset.....	64	My Mother's Bible.....	40
		My Mother's Portrait.....	9
Charter Oak.....	70	My Old Wife.....	39
Chieftain's Daughter, the.....	58	My Strength is failing fast.....	51
Choose ye who will Earth's dazzling Bowers.....	62		
Christmas Carol, a.....	37	Newfoundland Dog, the.....	26
Come, Brothers, arouse.....	43	Nigh to a Grave that was newly made.....	54
Come, fill the Cup.....	48	No sab'e Plall, no waving Plume.....	41
Come, fill my Glass again, old Friend.....	17	Not Married yet.....	34
		Now tell me, Mary, how it is.....	68
Dear Janet.....	47		
Dove of Noah, the.....	77	O! a dainty Plant is the Ivy Green.....	42
Dying Legacy, the.....	43	O! a mournful Sound has the old Church Bell.....	44
		O! Brothers, come hither, and list to my Story.....	36
Eleven Years have pass'd away.....	74	Ocean, the, or the Merry Mariners.....	61
Exile, the.....	38	Oh, Time is a Blessing sent by God.....	62
		Oh, why should we bewail the Dead.....	76
Fisher Boy, the.....	38	Old Arm Chair, the.....	12
From his Mountain Land, with his Harp in Hand.....	27	Old Church Bell, the.....	44
		Old English Hospitality.....	59
Gin Fiend, the.....	10	Olden Time and Present Time.....	64
Greenwood Tree, the.....	73	Old Farm Gate, the.....	35
		Old Ironsides at Anchor lay.....	20
Happy Change, the.....	69	Old King Time.....	54
Happy Days of Childhood, the.....	28	Old Mill-stream, the.....	32
Hark, 'midst the Roar of an eager Crowd.....	24	Old School-House, the.....	56
Hark to the Clinking of Hammers.....	13	Old Sexton, the.....	54
Have you e'er been in Love.....	49	Old Time has dimn'd the Lustre of her Eyes.....	30
Heigho for a Husband.....	55	Old Tubal Cain was a Man of Might.....	34
Hope on her Wings, and God her Guide.....	7	On a Rocky Cliff I stood.....	36
Hope's Sepulchre.....	56	On old Long Island's Seagirt Shore.....	59
		On that lowly Village Green.....	56
I care not for Spring.....	37	On the Brave who have fallen.....	39
I dream'd, dear Janet.....	47	On the Village Green it stood.....	56
If thou would'st win a lasting Fame.....	40	O, sadly, ye dark rolling Waves of the Ocean.....	38
I love it, I love it.....	2	O! scorn me not as a fameless Thing.....	27
I love the Night when the Moon beams bright.....	29	O! this Love.....	31
I'm Afloat.....	50	Our Way across the Mountains.....	53
I'm Single yet—I'm Single yet.....	34		
In cold Misfortune's cheerless Day.....	75	Patriot's Welcome, the.....	39
Influence of Mercy, the.....	5	Pauper's Drive, the.....	11
I've wander'd oft in Childhood.....	28	Pilgrim's Address to the Deity, the.....	77
Ivy Green, the.....	42	Poor Man's Friend, the.....	41
I wear not the Purple of Earth-born Kings.....	51		
		Resignation.....	75
Land, ho!.....	44	Rising Sun, the.....	36
Leap for Life, the.....	20	Rock-away.....	53
Less than a Mao.....	16	Rover's Song, the.....	31
Let's be Gay.....	72	Rushlight, the.....	27

CONTENTS.

Saw ye the Shadow o'er his Brow.....	45
Say not that any Crime of Man.....	75
Sea-King's Burial, the.....	51
She heard the Fight was over.....	57
Ship on Fire, the.....	5
Slave Auction, the.....	24
Slave Ship, the.....	14
Soldier and his Bride, the.....	57
Soldier's Wife, the.....	57
Some love to roam o'er the dark Sea's Foam..	46
Song for the Yacht Clubs.....	31
Song of the Emigrant Sempstress.....	22
Song of the Mariners.....	62
Song of the Scaffold, the.....	13
Song of the Shirt.....	22
So Young and so Lovely.....	29
Spider and the Fly, the.....	33
Spirit and Stream, the.....	50
Spring has Violets blue.....	53
Struggle for Fame.....	40
 The Banks of the River were lovely and bright	50
The Battle Strife was over.....	57
The First Dear Thing that ever I lov'd.....	52
The first gray Dawn of the Morning was beaming	14
The Gin Fiend cast his Eyes abroad.....	10
The Lady leaves the Banquet Hall.....	63
The Main, the Main.....	50
The Mother who hath a Child at Sea.....	24
The Olden Time.....	64
There's a Good Time Coming.....	71
There's a Hearse with one Horse in a jolly round	
Trot.....	11
There's an Eye that looks on the Swelling Cloud	24
There's Room enough for all.....	12
There, there hangs the Portrait which fondly I	
prize.....	9
There was a little Maid.....	16

The Soldier bold, when the Bugles sound.....	73
The Storm o'er the Ocean flew furious and fast	5
The Winds are Free.....	60
The Winds without, in their Midnight Rout...	65
The World is on the Move.....	25
This Book is all that's left me now.....	40
Thou art, O God, the Fount Divine.....	77
'Tis Eve on the Ocean.....	60
Time is a Blessing.....	62
Tubal Cain.....	34
 Upon the barren Sand a single Captive stood..	28
Up, up with a Signal.....	44
 Vision of the Reveller.....	17
 We have faith in old Proverbs, full surely.....	10
We met in other Years.....	58
Wery Pekooliar, or the Lipping Lover.....	42
We were Boys together.....	49
What need of all this Fuss and Strife.....	12
When at the Social Board you sit.....	48
When is a Man less than a Man.....	16
When the Tempest flies.....	70
Where there's a Will there's a Way.....	10
Where, where is the Gate that once serv'd to	
divide.....	35
Why, Dermot, you look Healthy now.....	68
Wife's Dream, the.....	68
Wife's Song, the.....	74
Will Nobody marry me?.....	55
Will you walk into my Parlour.....	33
With Features happy and gay.....	22
Woodman, spare that Tree.....	41
 Yet deeper and deeper and wilder the Night...	26
You ask'd me, Sister, how it was.....	69

THE SONGS AND SCENAS

OF

HENRY RUSSELL.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

The Poetry by Dr. Mackay.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 718-18, Price 6d.

Quasi ad lib. ma Largamento.



The storm o'er the o-cean flew fu-rious and fast, And the waves rose in foam at the

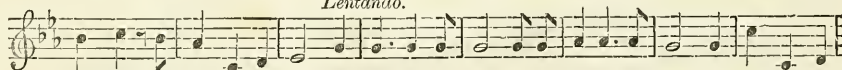
Marcato.

Leggiere a poco.



voice of the blast; And hea-vi-ly labour'd the gale-beat-en ship, Like a stout-heart-ed

Lento.



swimmer, the spray at her lip; And dark was the sky o'er the ma-ri-ner's path, Ex-cept when the

Lamentabile.



light-ning il-lum'd it in wrath. A young mo-ther knelt in the ca-bin be-low, And press-ing her

Lento.



babe to her ho-som of snow, She pray'd to her God, 'mid the hur-ri-cane wild,—'Oh!

Lento.



Fa-ther, have mer-cy, look down on my child! It pass'd;—the fierce whirlwind ca-



reer'd on its way, And the ship like an ar-row di-vi-ded the



spray; Her sails glim-mer'd white in the beams of the moon, And the

Leggieramente.



winds up a-foft seem'd to whis-tle, to whis-tle a tune; And the winds up a-

Poco Lento.



foft seem'd to whistle, to whistle a tune. There was joy in the ship, as she furrow'd the

Mancando.

foam, For fond hearts with-in her were dreaming of home: The young mother press'd her fond
A piacere.
 babe to her breast, And sang a sweet song as she rock'd it to rest. And the hus-band sat
Forando é Spirito.
 chee-ri-ly down by her side, And look'd with de-light on the face of his bride: 'Oh,
 hap-py,' said he, 'when our roam-ing is o'er, We'll dwell in our cot-tage that stands by the
Soave ma con Spirito.
 shore; Al-rea-dy in fan-cy its roof I des-cry, And the smoke of its hearth curl-ing up to the
 sky— Its gar-den so green, and its vine-co-ver'd wall; The kind friends a-wait-ing to
Andantino.
 wel-come us all; And the chil-dren that sport by the old oak-en tree.' Ah! gen-tly the
Recitativo.
 ship gli-ded o-ver the sea. Hark! what was that? Hark, hark to the shout—Fire!
 Then a tramp and a rout, And an up-roar of voi-ces a-rose in the air, And the
 mo-ther knelt down—and the half-spo-ken pray'r That she of-fer'd to God, in her a-go-ny
Lento. *Tempo.*
 wild, Was,—'Fa-ther, have mer-cy! look down, look down on my child!' She flew to her
 hus-band—she clung to his side;— Oh! there was her re-fuge, whate'er might be—
Con forza. *f*
 tide. Fire! fire!—it was ra-ging a-bove and be-low, And the cheeks of the sailors grew

pale at the sight, And their eyes glisten'd wild in the glare of the light. 'Twas vain o'er the ravage the
Rinforzando.

wa - ters to drip,—The pi - ti - less flame was the lord of the ship, And the smoke, in thick
A Tempo.

wreaths, mount-ed high-er and high-er:— Oh, God! it is fear-ful to pe - rist by fire! A-
Poco. A poco e piano. Ritenuto.

lone with des-truc-tion— a - lone on the sea— Great Fa-ther of mer-cy, our
Tempo di Marcia ma a poco Ritenuto.

hope is in Thee! Sad at heart and re-sign'd, yet un - daun-ted and brave, They
Quieto.

lower'd the boat, a mere speck on the wave. First en-ter'd the mo-ther, en-fold-ing her child, It
knew she caress'd it, look'd upward, and smil'd. And then came the husband, and then came the crew; At
Lento.

last came the captain— Oh, what could they do! Cold, cold was the night, as they drifted away, And
p

mis-ti-ly dawn'd o'er the pathway the day; And they pray'd for the light, and at noontide about The
Quasi con Energia ma a poco.

sun o'er the wa - ters shone joy - ous - ly out. 'Ho, a sail! ho, a sail!' cried the
A poco Agitato e Presto.

man on the lee; 'Ho, a sail!' and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea. 'They see us! they
see us! the sig - nal is wav'd; They bear down up - on us—they bear down up - on us— they
Con Energia.

bear down up - on us-- the sig-nal is wav'd! Thank God, thank God! we're sav'd!

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 702-3, Price 6d.

Allegro Moderato.

Hark! how the fur-nace pants and roars! Hark! how the mol-ten me-tal
pours, As, burst-ing from its i-ron doors, It glit-ters in the sun!
Now thro' the rea-dy mould it flows, Seeth-ing and hissing as it goes,— And
fill-ing ev'-ry cre-vice up, As the red vin-tage fills the cup! Hur-rah!
... hurrah! the work, the work is done! Unswathe him now,—take off each stay That
binds him to his couch of clay, And let him strug-gle in-to day; Let
chain and pul-ley run, With yield-ing crank and stea-dy rope, Un-til he rise from
rim to cope, In round-ed beau-ty, ribb'd in strength, Without a flaw in all his length. The
Tempo lmo.
clap-per on his gi-ant side Shall ring no peal for blushing bride, For birth, or death, or new-year-
tide, Or fes-ti-val be-gun: A na-tion's joy a-lone shall be The
sig-nal for his re-vel-ry; And for a na-tion's woes a-lone His
me-lan-cho-ly tongue shall moan. Hurrah! hurrah! the work, the work is done!

Borne on the gale, deep-ton'd and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen, to their country dear,
Their mortal race have run;
When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,—
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb!
Speak low! speak low! the work is done!
Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
And dare invade us where we stand,
Fast by the altars of our land
We'll gather ev'ry one;
And he shall ring the loud alarm
To call the multitudes to arm,
From distant field and forest brown,
And teeming alleys of the town;
And, as the solemn boom they hear,
Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
Laid by to rust for many a year,
And to the struggle run;
And youths, from hills and dells afar,
Shall rush, to mingle in the war;
And maids have sweetest smiles for those
Who battle with their country's foes.
Hurrah! hurrah! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat
Shall bear the news to dells remote,
And trumpet-blast resound the note
That victory is won,
While down the wind the banner drops,
And bonfires blaze on mountain tops,
His side shall glow with fierce delight,
And ring glad peals from morn to night!
Hurrah! hurrah! the work is done!
But of such themes forbear to tell!
May never war awake this bell,
To sound the tocsin or the knell!
Hush'd be th' alarm gun!
Sheath'd be the sword, and may his voice
But call the nations to rejoice
That war his batter'd flag has fur'd,
And vanish'd from a wiser world!
Still may he ring when struggles cease,
Still may he ring for joys' increase,
For progress in the arts of peace,
And friendly trophies won:—
When rival nations join their hands,
When plenty crowns the happy lands,
When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
And freedom reigns o'er all the earth—
Hurrah! hurrah! the work is done!

MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

The Poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 720, Price 3d.

Andante Moderato.

There, there hangs the por - trait which fond - ly I prize, The pride of my heart, the de-
light of my eyes. My mo - ther, my mo - ther! I think oft, with tears, Of thy
un - dy-ing fond-ness that grew with my years. Oh, how kind - ly she watch'd me, how
pure was her love, And tho' proud as the ea - gle, she still was the dove. Deep and
rich were her feel-ings, and anxious her care, And I bless her while view-ing that dear face there!

Off, off, when I gaze on those features so fair,
As mild as an angel's, upraised in pray'r,
I fancy her eyes beam with fondness on me,
And my kind mother there, as in life, still I see.
She is shrin'd in my heart, but, alas! with a
tear

I bewail the fair semblance I worshipp'd so here,
And turn from the world off, to utter a pray'r,
And to look, unobserv'd, on that dear face there!

Sweet mother, in childhood you cradled my head,
And I pillow'd thine when thou slept with the dead.
All, all my heart's treasures were center'd in thee,
And for aye unforgetten thy mem'ry will be.
The soft sweet voice that bless'd me falls now on
mine ear,
And the hands that caress'd me seem still to be near.
Tears shame not a man when a tear aids the pray'r
That I breathe for the peace of that dear face there!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 228, Price 6d.
Con Anima.

We have faith in old proverbs full sure-ly, For wisdom has trac'd what they
tell, And truth may be drawn up as pure - - ly From them as it
may from a well. Let us ques - tion the think - ers and
do - ers, - - And hear what they ho - nest - ly say, And you'll
find they be-lieve, like bold woo-ers, In where there's a will there's a way.

The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his axe,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his tracks;
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been wide for his sway,
But bravely he's proved, in his striving,
That where there's a will there's a way.

Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering weigh down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.

Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghosts of despair and dismay,
And much may be gain'd by relying
On where there's a will there's a way.

Should you see that far off worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust,
And ne'er heed if you at beginning,
Should be among brambles and dust:
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it,
For where there's a will there's a way.

THE GIN FIEND.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 553-4, Price 6d.
Allegro con Anima.

The Gin Fiend cast his eyes abroad, And look'd o'er all the land, And number'd his my-riad
wor-ship-pers With his bird-like long right hand. He took his place in the teem-ing streets, And
watch'd the peo-ple go A-round and a-bout, With a buzz and a shout, For
ev-er to and fro. And it's 'Hip!' he said, 'hip! hip! hur-ra! For the mul-ti-tudes I
see, Who of-fer them-selves in sa-cri-fice, And die for the love of me!

There pass'd a man in the crowded way,
 With eyes blood-shot and dim;
 He wore a coat without a sieve,
 And a hat without a brim;
 His grimy hands with palsy shook,
 And fearfully he laugh'd,
 Or drivell'd and swore,
 As he clamour'd for more
 Of the burning poison-draught.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 Success to him over his bowl;
 A few short months have made him mine—
 Brain, and body, and soul!
 There sat a madman in his cell,
 Palm-clench'd, with lips compress'd—
 God's likeness blotted from his face,
 And fury in his breast.
 There sat an idiot, close beside,
 With a dull and stolid leer,
 The apathy of his heavy eye
 Warming at times to fear.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 These twain are wholly mine;
 The one a demon, the other a beast—
 And both for burning wine!
 There stood a woman on a bridge;
 She was old, but not with years;—
 Old with excess, and passion, and pain;
 And she wept remorseful tears.
 And she gave her baby her milkless breast,
 Then, goaded by its cry,

Made a desperate leap in the river deep,
 In the sight of the passers-by.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 Let them sink in the friendly tide;
 For the sake of me the creature liv'd—
 To satisfy me she died.
 There watch'd a mother by her hearth,
 Comely, but sad and pale;
 Her infant slept, her lord was out,
 A quaffing of his ale.
 She stay'd his coming; and, when he came,
 His thoughts were bent on blood;
 He could not brook
 Her taunting look,
 And he slew her where she stood.
 And it's 'Hip!' said the Gin Fiend, 'hip! hurra!
 He does his duty well;
 And he pays the tax he owes to me,
 And the monarchy of hell.
 And ev'ry day, in the crowded way,
 He takes his fearful stand,
 And numbers his myriad worshippers
 With his bird-like long right hand;
 And ev'ry day his victims feast
 Before his flashing eyes;—
 And ev'ry night, before his sight,
 Are offer'd in sacrifice.
 And it's 'Hip!' he says, 'hip! hip! hurra!
 For the deep up-frothing bowl,
 Which gives me victims that I crave,—
 Brain, and body, and soul.'

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

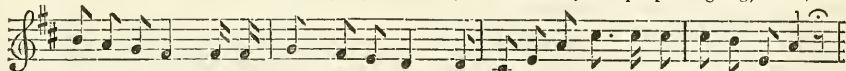
The Poetry by T. Noel, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 78-9, Price 6d.

Moderato con Anima.

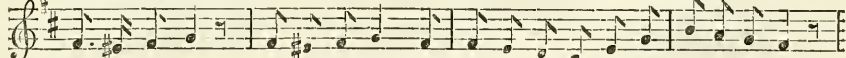


There's a hearse with one horse in a jol-ly round-trot; To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot; The

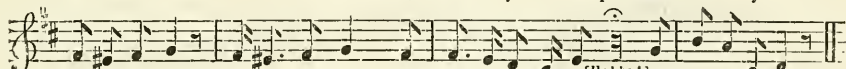


road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs, And hark to the dirge that the sad dri-ver sings:

Risoluto con Giocoso.



Rat-tle his bones o-ver the stones; He's on-ly a Pau-per that no-bo-dy owns!



Rat-tle his bones o-ver the stones; He's on-ly a Pau-per (Ha! ha!) that no-bo-dy owns!

Oh, where are the mourners?
 Alas! there are none;
 He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man!
 To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can!
 'Rattle his bones,' &c.

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and din!
 The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they
 spin!
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd!
 The Pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
 'Rattle his bones,' &c.

Poor Pauper defunct! he has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach;
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast!
 'Rattle his bones,' &c.

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,
 To think that a heart in humanity clad
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
 Bear softly his bones over the stones;
 Though a Pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet
 owns!

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 565-6, Price 6d.

Andante con Expressione.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov-ing that old arm-chair; I've



treasur'd it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be-dew'd it with tears, I've em-balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis



bound by a thou-sand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will



start. Would ye learn the spe'l,—a mo-ther sat there, And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's home, I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with lis'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide:
She taught me to lisp my earliest pray'r,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.

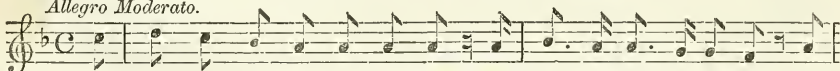
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled:
I learn'd how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

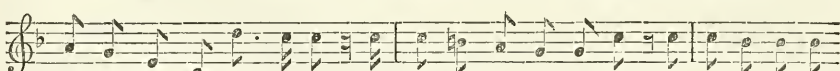
THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

The Poetry by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

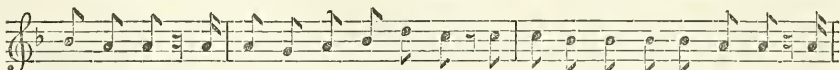
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Allegro Moderato.

What need of all this fuss and strife, Each war - ring with his bro-ther? Why



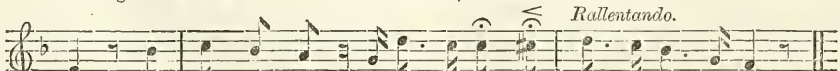
need we, through the crowd of life, Keep trampling on each o - ther? Is there no goal that



can be won With - out a squeeze to gain it, No o - ther way of get - ting on, But



scrambling to ob - tain it? Oh! fel - low men, re-mem-ber then, What - ev - er chance be-



fall, The world is wide in lands beside—There's room e-nough for all.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'ry brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!
From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'ry hand that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,

And ev'ry furrow of the plough
A step to independence.
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramp'd and small:
The world is wide in lands beside.—
There's room enough for all!
In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling down each other?
Oh! fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

THE SONG OF THE SCAFFOLD.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 564, Price 3d.

Allegro Moderato.

Hark to the clink-ing of ham-mers, Hark to the driv-ing of nails,— The
men are e-rect-ing a scaf-fold In one of her Ma-jes-ty's jails. A
life, hu-man life's to be ta-ken, Which the crowd and the hangman hail; Oh, the
men are e-rect-ing a scaf-fold In-side of her Ma-jes-ty's jail!

'Tis midnight, without its deep silence,—
The doom'd wretch in agony moans;
But the clattering still of their hammers
Is drowning the poor victim's groans.
The chaplain now earnestly prayeth
To the God of all mercy for him;
But his mind on his misery strayeth,
For his cup is full up to the brim.

The good man is still o'er him bending,
And trying to teach him to pray;
For the last night on earth is now ending,
And the moments fly quickly away.
But the clinking still of these hammers,
And the driving in of the nails;—
Oh how can he bear it with patience?
Can we wonder his reason fails?

'Oh, pray while you may to your Maker,
His mercy, not justice implore.'
Said the priest, while hot tears fill'd his eyelids,
And his choked voice could utter no more.
'You ask me to pray,' said the felon,
'But no one e'er show'd me the way;
'Tis too late, 'tis too late now to teach me,—
I can't understand what you say.'

Hush! hark! for the death-bell is tolling!
The gallows at last is in view!
The pris'ner, pale, ghastly, and sinking,
To the chaplain has wav'd an adieu.
His frame now with agony quivers,
His strong breast how wildly it heaves!
His hands, oh, how closely they're pinion'd!
The hangman himself almost grieves.

Hush! for the death-bell is tolling,
Dragoons with drawn swords are below;
And the pris'ner appears to be praying,—
'Tis a scene of heart-anguish and woe.
There are crowds in the street, men and women;
The war-steeds are prancing about;
The windows are throng'd with spectators;
Hark! a buzz, and a move, and a shout!

The rope round his neck is adjusted,
(Man's vengeance, how fearful thou art!)
His head now is cover'd, and horror
Strikes every man to the heart.
The dread bolt is drawn! he is plunging
In air—what a horrible tale!
His soul has been borne to its maker,
His corpse taken back to the jail!

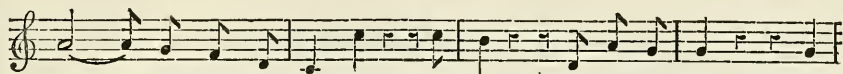
THE SLAVE SHIP.

The Poetry by Henry Russell.

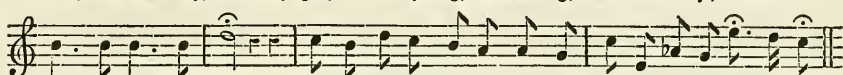
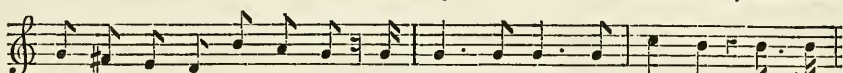
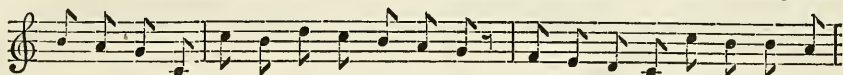
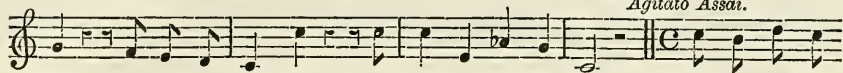
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 229-30, Price 6d.

Allegro Moderato.

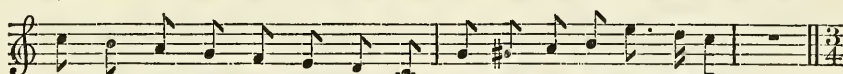
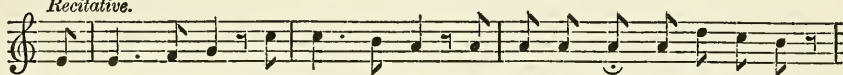
The first gray dawn of the morn - ing was beam - ing, The bright rays shone
 forth, the glad spi - rit of light; The ri - sing sun o - ver the
 o - cean was stream - ing, And dis - pell'd with his rays the dark sha - dows of
 night. The air, oh, how pure, and the morn - ing, how mild,—And the
 wa - - ters lay hush'd like a sleep - - ing child.
 Then up with the an - chor, and let us a - way; Spread the
 sails, 'tis a fa - your - ing wind; And long ere the break of the
 morn - ing, the break of the morn - ing, we'll leave the coast of old
 A - frie' be - hind. Soft - ly, Soft - ly,
 let us a - way! Soft - ly, soft - ly, let us a - way!
 Gloom - i - ly stood the cap - tain, with his arms up - on his breast, And his
 cold brow firm - ly knit - ted, And his i - ron lips com - press'd:— 'Are



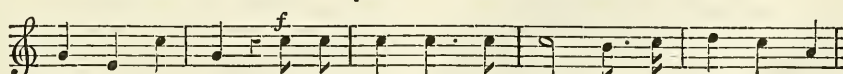
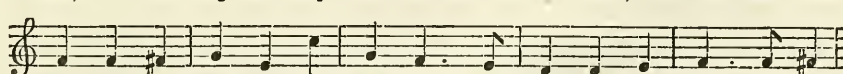
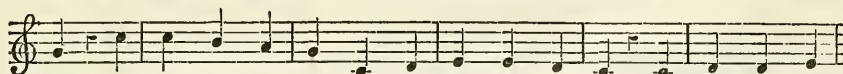
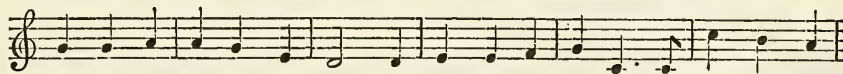
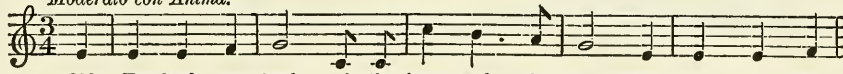
Agitato Assai.



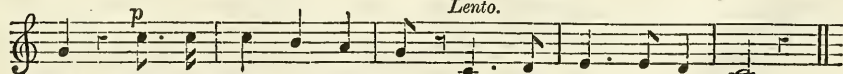
Recitative.



Moderato con Anima.



Lento.



LESS THAN A MAN.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, L.L.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 509-10, Price 3d.

Allegro con Espressione.

When is a man less than a man? When he leads or drives his friends - - To danger,
for his self-ish ends, - - And leaves them in the e - vil day, - - To stand or
quasi a quasi.
fall as best they may; Then is a man less than a man;
tempo adagio.
Then we pi-ty him, then we pi-ty him, then we pi-ty him, all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he makes a vow he fails to keep;
When without sowing he would reap;
When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
Sooner than work for an honest meal;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When, by misfortune, stricken down
He whines and maudles through the town,
But never lifts his strong right arm
To save himself from further harm;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he acts the coward's part,
When he betrays a woman's heart,
And scorns, illuses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he takes delight in raising strife;
When he values honour less than life,
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow;—
Then is a man less than a man;
Then we pity him all we can.

THE LITTLE GAY DECEIVER.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 400, Price 3d.

Moderato.

There was a lit-tle maid, And she wore a lit-tle bon-net, And she had a
lit-tle fin-ger, with a lit-tle ring up-on it; And what's a lit-tle odd, her
lit-tle heart was then In love (but not a lit-tle) with the best of lit-tle men.

For the little youth had exercis'd his little flatt'ring
tongue,
And down before her little feet his little knees he
flung;
He press'd her little hand, and in her little face he
gaz'd,
And look'd as though his little head had been a
little craz'd.
Alas! her little lover did with little warning leave
her,

And she found him little better than a 'Little Gay
Deceiver;'

Then, in a little moment, stifling all her little wishes,
She took a little jump—all among the little fishes!
Now, all you little maidens, whose little loves grow
fonder,

Upon the little moral of this little song do ponder;
Beware of little trinkets, little men, and little sighs,
For you little know what great things from little
things may rise.

THE VISION OF THE REVELLER.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 199-200, Price 6d.

Mysterioso e legiere.

Come, fill my glass a - gain, old friend, And pr'y - thee leave off preach-ing : I

ne - ver yet could find the sage Who'd fol - low his own teach - ing. By

heav'n's it makes my blood run wild, While rings the ve - ry raf - ter, To

see the flash - ing eyes a - round, And hear their shouts of laugh - ter. But

what is this? the song grows dull ; Rouse up, and let's be jol - - ly : Your

wisdom, when all's said and done, I'll swear's the greatest fol - ly. Ah ! dark-er, dim-mer

grow the lights, And all a-round is reel - ing ; My eye-lids sink, and, spite of me, This

sleep is o'er me steal - ing. But no, I do not dream ; right well I know your face, god

Bacchus ; A plea-sant friend are you when pains Of mind or bo - dy rack us. 'Ay,

ay,' he said, or seem'd to say, 'I'm all that you pronounce me, Though soulless things with

crab-bed looks And words se-vere de-nounce me.' Then round him press'd an ea-ger throng, The

wretch for con - so - la - tion, The bru - tal herd for love of drink, The bard for in - spi-

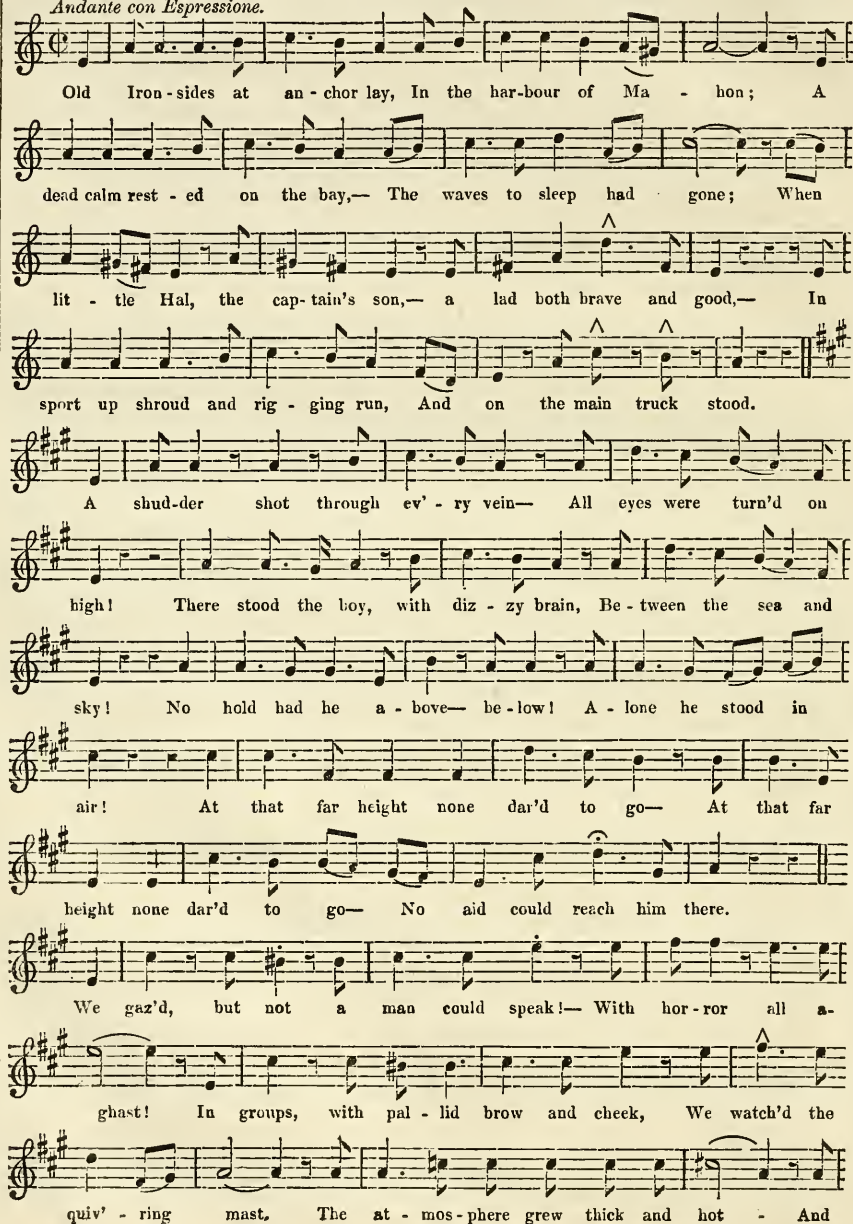
ra - tion ; The gamester, who had lost his all, And now in draughts of mad-ness Would

lose himself as well, and taste A sin - gle hour of glad - ness. 'Fill, fill,' they shout with
clam'-rous cry, 'And let's for once be jol - ly; Your wis - dom, when all's said and done, I'll
Allegro Agitato.
swear's the great - est fol - ly.' The poor then drank, and straight they deem'd A
pa - lace ri - sing o'er them; And po - ets, as they quaff'd the cup, Saw Pa - ra - dise be -
fore them; The game - ster, mad - den'd by the wine, Saw gold in count - less
mea - sure, And threw the dice, and threw a - gain, And still he won the trea - sure.
'Drink,' thun - ders Bac - chus, 'drink, I say, But with you take this warn - ing,— Who
spends his night with me will find His head ache in the morn - ing; Your blood will boil, your
eyes be dim, Your ap - pe - tite will leave you; Your nerves will shake, and
brain be dull, Yet ne - ver let it grieve you— Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ha! ha! ha! Yet ne - ver let it grieve you. Though you should be by
all be - side So shame - ful - ly de - sert - ed, Yet I've three friends that
shall be yours, By fash - ion un - per - verted:— Dame Fo - ver - ty's the first I mean, And
she will ne'er de - ceive you,— When once she has you by the hand, Be sure she'll ne - ver

leave you; And next Disease, with hol-low cheek And sunk - en eye, comes creeping: They'll
 guide you to the house of Death, A plea-sant place for sleep-ing. So fill your cups, and
 fill them high, To - night we will be jol - ly; Your wisdom, when all's said - and done, I'll
 swear's the great - est fol - ly;— So fill your cups, and fill them high, To -
 night we will be jol - ly; Your wis - dom, when all's said and done, I'll
 swear's the great - est fol - ly. But not a soul of all that heard Was
 bet - ter for his warn - ing: They cla-mour'd for the treach'-rous cup, His
 so - ber coun-sel scorn - ing. 'Fill, fill,' they cried, and mad - ly danc'd, And sang in fran - tic
 cho - rus, 'We reck not of a - no - ther day, Our care's for that be -
 fore us; And we'll be mer - ry while we can, Let come what will to -
 mor - row; A fool is he who half - way meets That blear - eyed bel - dame,
 Sor - row.' Then Bac - chus swung his cup on high, His sides they shook with
 laugh - ter: 'A health to all! you're mine,' he cried, 'The reck'-ning comes here -
 af - ter. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! The reck'-ning comes here - af - ter.'

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 305-6, Price 6d.

Andante con Espressione.


Old Iron-sides at an-chor lay, In the har-bour of Ma-hon; A
 dead calm rest-ed on the bay,— The waves to sleep had gone; When
 lit-tle Hal, the cap-tain's son,— a lad both brave and good,— In
 sport up shroud and rig-ging run, And on the main truck stood.
 A shud-der shot through ev'-ry vein— All eyes were turn'd on
 high! There stood the boy, with diz-zy brain, Be-tween the sea and
 sky! No hold had he a-bove— be-low! A-lone he stood in
 air! At that far height none dar'd to go— At that far
 height none dar'd to go— No aid could reach him there.
 We gaz'd, but not a man could speak!— With hor-ror all a-
 ghost! In groups, with pal-lid brow and cheek, We watch'd the
 quiv'-ring mast, The at-mos-phere grew thick and hot — And

of a lu-rid hue, As, riv-et-ed un-to the spot, Stood
poco.

of-fi-cers and crew. We gaz'd—but not a man could speak! We
ad lib. assai. e pia.

gaz'd—but not a man could speak! Not a man could speak!
Agitato.

The fa-ther came on deck!—He gasp'd, 'Oh God, thy will be done!' Then
Anima.

sud-den-ly a ri-fle grasp'd, And aim'd it at his son! 'Jump far out, boy!
ad lib. Tempo.

in-to the wave! Jump, or I fire!' he said - - 'That on-ly chance your
ad lib. Animato assai.

life can save! Jump, jump, boy!' He o-bey'd—He sank—He rose—He
colla voce.

liv'd—he mov'd—He for the ship struck out! On
board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On
board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, On
board we hail'd the lad be-lov'd, With ma-n-y, with ma-n-y a man-ly shout.
Andantino. ad lib. assai.


His fa-ther drew, in si-lent joy, Those wet arms round his neck, Then
ad lib.

fold-ed to his heart the boy, And faint-ed on the deck!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

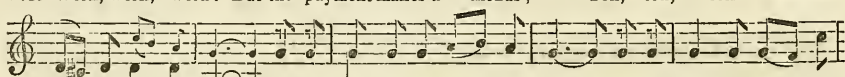
OR THE LAY OF THE EMIGRANT SEMPSTRESS.

The Words by Mrs. F. A. Davidson.

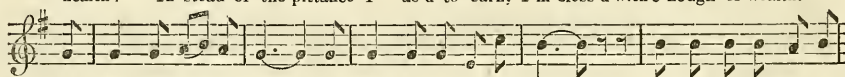
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 231-2, Price 6d.
Con Anima.


With fea-tures happy and gay, With checks all glowing and red, A wo-man sat in her
cot-tagesmall, Ply-ing her nee-dle and thread. Sing, sing, sing! No
poverty, hunger, or dirt; But with joy she makes the cottage ring, The while she makes the shirt.

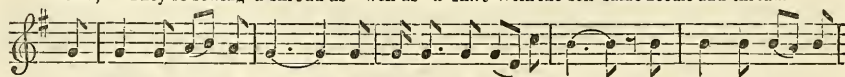
V. 2. 'Work, work, work! But I'm happy the live-long while; And work, work, work! But I
V. 3. 'Work, work, work! But the payment makes a - mends; Toil, toil, toil! But the



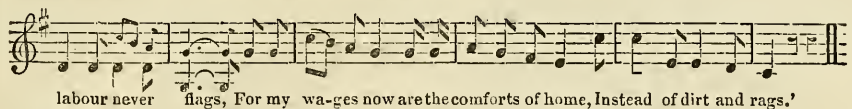
see my chil-dren smile. And it's oh for the land I'm in, Where the poor may earn their
toil at sun-down ends. Health, and pleasure, and peace; Peace, and pleasure, and
bread, Where ho-dy and soul may both be serv'd, And all be cloth'd and fed,
health! In-stead of the pittance I us'd to earn, I'm bless'd with e-nough of wealth.'



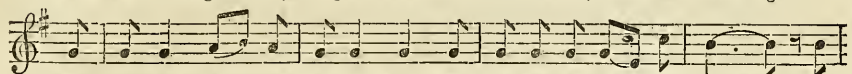
V. 4. 'Oh, men with sis-ters dear,— Oh, men with mothers and wives,— Take them at once to an
untax'd land, If you va-lue still their lives. Stitch, stitch, stitch! But let it no longer be
said, They're sewing a shroud as well as a shirt With the self-same needle and thread.'



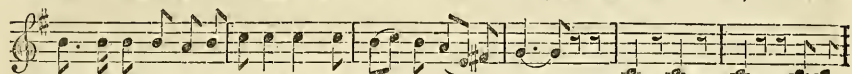
'Oh, think no more of death, That phantom of gris-ly bone, Whose shrunken form and
sunken eye Re-mind you of your own; But come where plenty reigns, Where all who sow may
reap, Where human toil a-lone is dear, And all things else are cheap. Work, work, work! My



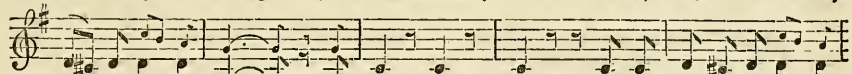
labour never flags, For my wa-ges now are the comforts of home, Instead of dirt and rags.'



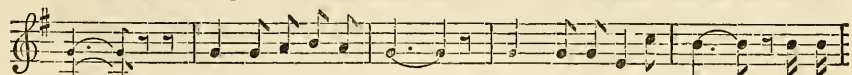
'The shat-ter'd roof, the na-ked floor, The ta-ble, the bro-ken chair, Are



chang'd for the joys of a cottage home, And bounteous dai-ly fare. Work, work, work! But my

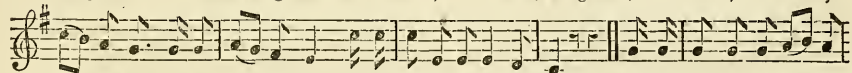


heart is e-ver light; And work, work, work! But the wea-ther is warm and

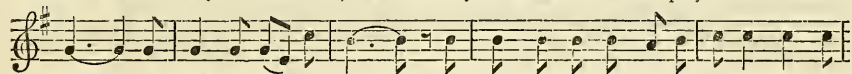


bright.

Band, and gusset, and sleeve,— Sleeve, and gusset, and band,— But my



heart's not sick, nor my brain benumb'd, As it was in my native land! When I pray'd but for one short



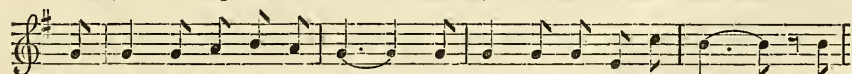
hour To breathe the morning air, And sigh'd from the depths of an aching heart, To



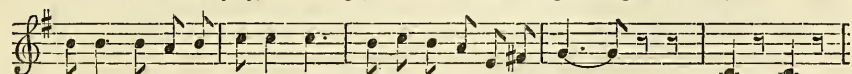
look on the val-leys fair. Those griefs are o'er, my lot is chang'd, And oh, may thousands



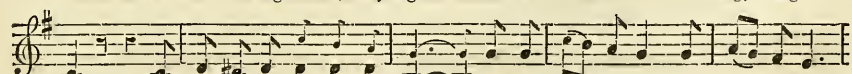
come, To reap the har-vest of their toil, In this our new-found home!



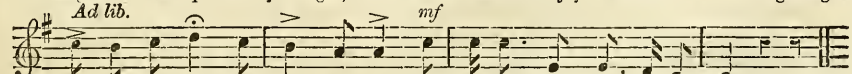
With fea-tures hap-py and gay, With cheeks all glow-ing and red, A



woman sits in her cot-tage small, Ply-ing her needle and thread. Sing, sing,



sing! No po-ver-ty, hunger, or dirt: But with joy she makes the cottage ring—



Oh! that the poor could hear her sing, Her 'E-mi-grant's Song of the Shirt.'

THE MOTHER WHO HATH A CHILD AT SEA.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 595, Price 3d.
Con molto Espressivo.

There's an eye that looks on the swell-ing cloud, Fold-ing the moon in a fun'-ral
shroud, That watches the stars dy-ing one by one, Till the whole of Heav'n's calm light hath
gone; There's an ear that lists to the hiss-ing surge, As the mourner turns to the an-then
dirge. That eye! that ear! oh, whose can they be, But a mother's who hath a child at sea!

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white
As the tokens of storm come on with the night;
There's a form that's fix'd on the lattice pane.
To mark how the gloom gathers o'er the main,
While the yeasty billows lash the shore,
With loftier sweep and hoarser roar;
That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who hath a child at sea!

She presses her brow, she sinks and kneels,
Whilst the blast howls on, and the thunder peals:
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for her lips to bear;

It is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturn'd eye;
And a holier offering cannot be,
Than a mother's who hath a child at sea!

Oh, I love the winds when they spurn control,
For they suit my own bondhating soul:
I like to hear them sweeping past,
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
But a pang will rise with sad alloy,
To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
When I think how dismal their voices must be,
To a mother who hath a child at sea!

THE SLAVE AUCTION.

The Poetry by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. C45, Price 3d.
Moderato e Marcato.

Hark! 'midst the roar of an ea-ger crowd, For one dark pur- pose blend-ing, The
cry of a help-less mul-ti-tude Is thence in pray'r as-cend-ing; And
ne-gro forms are ga-ther'd round, Their cheeks with hot tears stream-ing, Their
limbs in i-ron shac-kles bound, Their minds as fet-ter'd seem-ing.
Con Espres.
'O! give us back our Rights,' they pray, 'That man from man has ri-ven, That
Free-dom which is your's to-day, Our Birth-right, held from Hea-ven!

The sale is on—and men begin
 To sell their fellow creatures;
 Yet he who made the whiter skin
 Made those with darker features.
 A premium on the stout and strong,
 A tax on bone and sinew;
 O! men with human hearts, how long
 Shall this foul trade continue!
 'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

A child is from its mother torn,—
 Hark! hear that shriek distressing!
 A helpless girl is left to mourn
 A parent's nightly blessing.
 Another!—and the tend'rest ties
 Of life are rent asunder;—
 Hath heav'n, in echo to those cries,
 No crime-avenging thunder?
 'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

The sale proceeds—a loving wife
 They from her husband sever;
 But, ere the bargain's seal'd, a knife
 Annuls the bond for ever!
 The man, self-slaughter'd, yields his breath—
 The wife dies broken-hearted!

Far happier to be join'd in death,
 Than both in slav'ry parted.
 'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

'Who bids,' none care—the shrieks are drown'd
 Beneath the auction's clamour;
 They reach not those who hear no sound
 Beyond the salesman's hammer;
 Still louder grows the din around,
 The biddings follow faster,
 Till ev'ry slave at last has found
 A tyrant, call'd a master.
 'O! give us back our Rights,' &c.

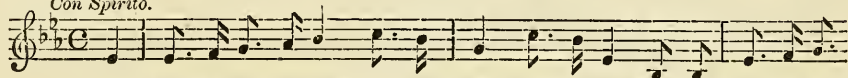
O! let us hope the day is near,
 The dawn of brighter ages,
 When slaves and slav'ry shall appear
 But names in hist'ry's pages;
 That man 'gainst man may ne'er combine,
 In this inhuman manner,
 And ev'ry star shall brighter shine
 Upon the spangled banner!
 Yes, let us hope that what we pray
 To us may soon be given;
 When all men shall be free as day,
 That freely flows from Heaven!

THE WORLD IS ON THE MOVE.

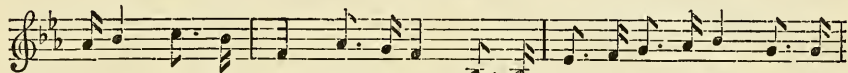
The Words by E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 513-14, Price 6d.

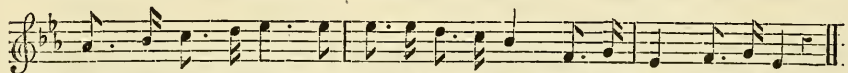
Con Spirito.



The world is on the move, Look a - bout, look a-bout; There is much we may



improve, Do not doubt, do not doubt; And, for all who un - derstand, May be



heard, throughout the land, A warn-ing voice at hand, Ring-ing out, ring-ing out.

Though gloomy hearts despond,
 At the sky, at the sky,
 There's a sun to shine beyond,
 By and by, by and by.
 Ere the vessel that we urge
 Shall beneath the surface merge,
 A beacon on the verge
 Shall be nigh, shall be nigh.

Step by step, the longest march
 Can be done, can be done;
 Single stones will form an arch,
 One by one, one by one:
 And, with union, what we will
 Can be all accomplish'd still,—
 Drops of water turn a mill,
 Singly, none! singly, none!

Brag and bluster float as froth,
 O'er the wave, o'er the wave;
 Gory treason, worse than both,
 Fools may rave, fools may rave;

But the honest hands that link,
 With the solemn heads that think,
 And for pikes use pen and ink,
 Are the brave, are the brave!

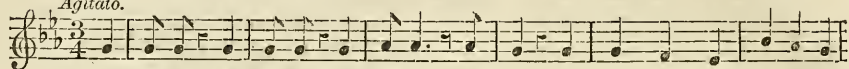
Let us onward, then, for Right,—
 Nothing more, nothing more;
 And let justice be the might
 We adore, we adore.
 Build no hopes upon the sand;
 For a People hand in hand
 Can make this a better land
 Than before, than before.

Our country bless'd with all,—
 Look around, look around;
 No tyranny nor bloodshed
 Here is found, here is found;
 So, with heart and voice we'll cheer,
 The Queen we love so dear;
 Let her reign in peace, not fear
 From those around, those around.

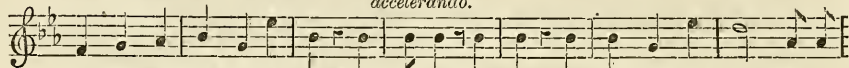
THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.

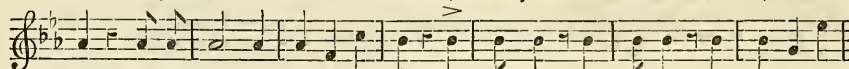
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 207, Price 3d.

Agitato.

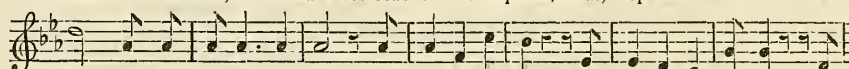
Yet deep-er and deep-er and wild-er the night! I would morn were with us, and

brought its glad light, For my spi-rits they sink; so un-earth-ly the shade, I could fan-cy al-
accelerando.

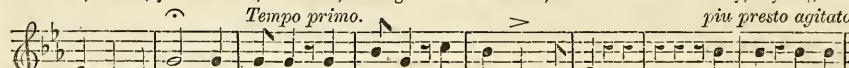
most that my heart were a-fraid. Good heavens, that cry! more keen than the sword; How it



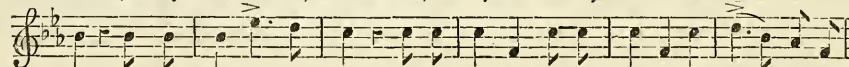
thrills on the ear, 'A child o-ver-board!' Ho! Neptune, what, Neptune—come hi-ther to



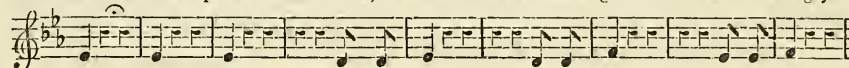
me; There, you see him, I know, Though I can-not see; Hark! hark to that cry, boy!—good



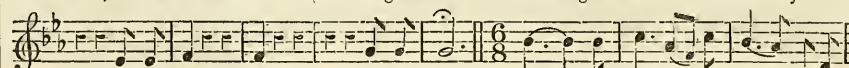
fel-low, a-way! You need not, to track him, the eye of the day. He's gone at the



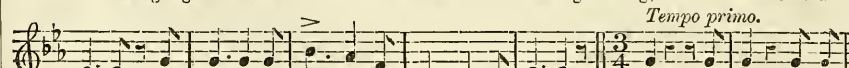
word—How the squall it comes down; And the wa-ter's blacker grown at the Heavens' angry



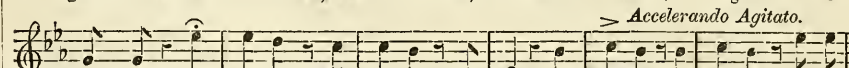
frown; Hush! hark! something seems ' In the gleams Of the sky—



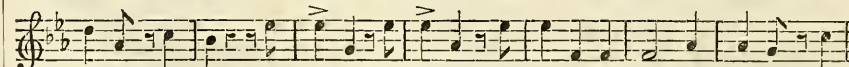
Float-ing nigh— Mark! all is dark. Ha! good dog, do I see thee a-



gain? Heav'n's will be it done, still for ev-er, A - men. Quick, a light! Ah! he



breathes not! Come hi-ther, come hi-ther! So cold! such sweetness to wi-ther! Ah! he



murmurs—dear child! His blue eyes are op'ning! their gaze it is wild! Brave Neptune, good

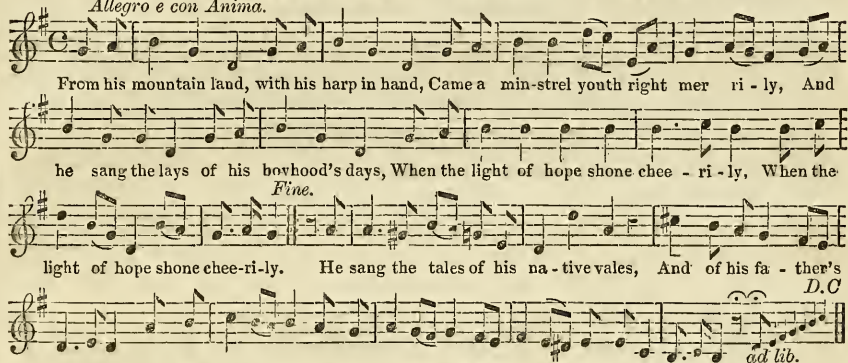


fel-low! thou'rt gal-lant and true;—Was ne-ver com-pa-nion so faith-ful and true.

THE MINSTREL OF THE TYROL.

The Poetry by Jonas B. Phillips, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 174, Price 3d.

Allegro e con Anima.

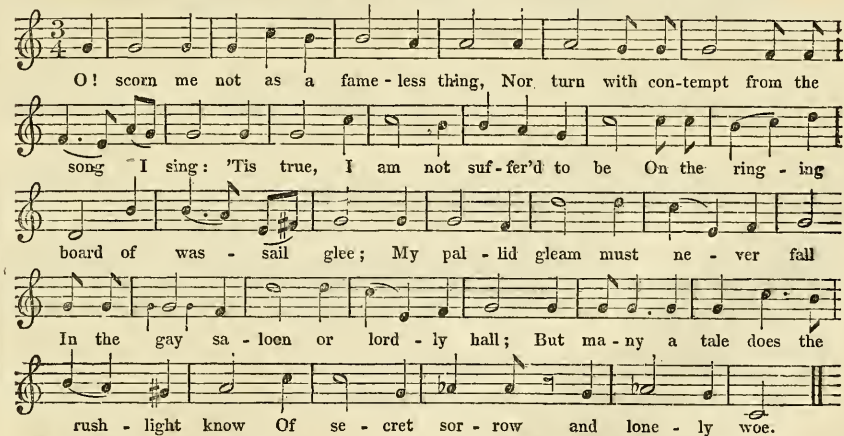
From his mountain land, with his harp in hand, Came a min-strel youth right mer-ri-ly, And
 he sang the lays of his boyhood's days, When the light of hope shone chee-ri-ly, When the
Fine.
 light of hope shone chee-ri-ly. He sang the tales of his na-tive vales, And of his fa-ther's
D.C.
 bra-very; Then with pride he told how his kinsmen bold Fell no-bly, ere yield to slavery. Oh!

'Mid a gallant throng did that son of song
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily,
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.
 With trembling hand, of his father land,
 He sang with such deep emotion;

And a tear-drop came as he breath'd the name
 Of the maid of his soul's devotion.
 Oh! 'mid a gallant throng did that son of song
 Tune his harp, but not so merrily,
 For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,
 To the green hills smiling cheerily.

THE RUSHLIGHT.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



I'm found in the closely curtain'd room,
 Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
 Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
 Are waiting to see a lov'd one die—
 Where the doting child with noiseless tread
 Steals warily to the mother's bed;—
 I'm wildly snatch'd, and my glimmering ray
 Shows a glazing eye and stiff'ning clay.
 I am the light that quivering flits
 In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
 Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
 For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth:

She mournfully trims my slender wick,
 As she sees me fading and wasting quick;
 And many a time has my spark expir'd,
 And left her still the weeping and tir'd.
 Many a lesson the bosom learns
 Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;
 Many a scene unfolds to me
 That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.
 Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,
 Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
 But, smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,
 There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The Poetry by George Pendrill; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Affettuoso.

I've wan-der'd oft in child-hood, With playmates blithe and gay, O'er
flow'-ry field and mea-dow, And ga-ther'd sweets of May;— We've
sport-ed 'neath the elm tree that grew be-side our cot;— O! the
hap-py days of child-hood can ne-ver be for-got.

How well I can remember
The sports we us'd to play,—
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday;
And oft I sport, in fancy,
Within the self-same spot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

And oftimes, in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond below'd ones,
'n childhood's home so dear;

But, waking from that slumber,
How chang'd I find my lot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
That they, at least in memory,
May live to bless the day
When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris, Esq.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante.

Up-on the bar-ren sand, A sin-gle cap-tive stood; A-
round him came, with bow and brand, The Red Men of the wood; Like
Him of old, his doom he hears, Rock-bound on o-cean's rim:— The
chief-tain's daugh-ter knelt, in tears, And breath'd a pray'r for him.

Above his head, in air,
The savage war-club swung;—
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb:—
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breath'd a pray'r for him!

'Unbind him!' gasp'd the chief
'It is your king's decree!'
He kiss'd away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels, in woman's form,
And breathes a pray'r for him.'

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

Words by G. P. Morris ; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Con ans. a allegro.

1 love the night, when the moon beams bright On flow'rs that drink the dew ; When
cas-cades shout as the stars peep out, From boundless fields of blue ; But dear-er far than
ad lib.
moon or star, Or flow'rs of gau-dy hue, Or gurgling trills of moun-tain rills, I
love, I love, love you ! I love, I love, I love, I love, love
you ! I love, I love, I love, I love, love you !

I love to stray, at the close of the day,
Through groves of linden-trees ;
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats
Laden the perfum'd breeze ;

I love the night, the glorious night,
When hearts beat warm and true ;
But, far above the night, I love,
I love, I love, love you !

SO YOUNG AND SO LOVELY.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Moderato.

So young and so love-ly, so wise yet so kind—She has gone, she has left me with
sad-ness be-hind ; The hope of my life from my fond arms is torn, And a-
lone in the world I must now wander on. O ! El-len, fond mem'-ry re-
calls the delight, When, like the fair moon, you il-lu-min'd my night—I see thee, O !
lov'd one—I see thee a-gain, And the vi-sion but brings back the plea-sure of pain.

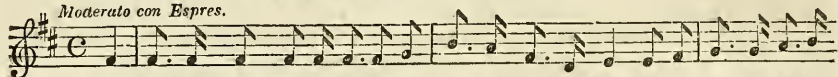
I see thy bright form, and thy face, once so fair,
And the pearls made more white by thy raven black hair ;
I see thee in joy, on thy lip the bright smile
Of love and of beauty, so thoughtless of guile ;
I see thy pure thoughts as in sparkles they rise
From thy fair spotless soul to thy beautiful eyes ;
I hear thy low voice, and its sweet gushing thrill,
As it charm'd and enchain'd my fond heart to its will.

I see thee, I hear thee, I feel thy soft kiss,
And madness succeeds to the mem'ry of bliss ;
She has gone, she has left me alone and to mourn,
From the fading of day to the flush of the morn ;
But, O ! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last ;
But O ! while my thoughts can rove back to the past
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last !

MY OLD WIFE.

The Poetry by Jonas B. Phillips, Esq. ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

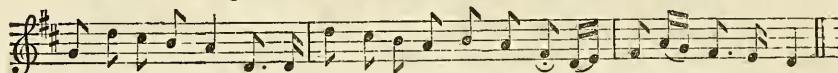
Moderato con Espres.



Old Time has dimm'd the lus-tre of her eyes that brightly shone, And her voice has lost the



sweetness of its girl-hood's sil-v'ry tone; But her heart is still as cheer-ful as in



ear-ly days of life, And as fond-ly as I priz'd my bride, I love my dear old wife.

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope
gave zest to youth, [of truth ;
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows
And since, though changeful years have pass'd, with
joys and sorrows rife, [wife.
Yet never did I see a change in her, my good old
Her gentle love my cares hath sooth'd, her smiles
each joy enhanc'd, [advanc'd ;
As fondly through progressive years together we've

Though calmly now the current flows, we've known
misfortune's strife, [old wife.
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond
And ever since that joyous day I kiss'd her as my
bride, [my side ;
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I've found her at
And when the summons from above shall close the
scene of life, [old wife.
May I be call'd to rest with thee, my good, my dear

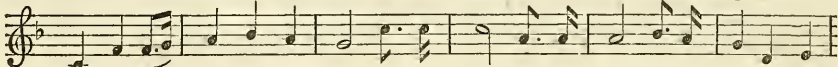
I'M AFLOAT!

The Music composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

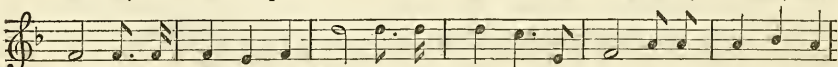
With animation.



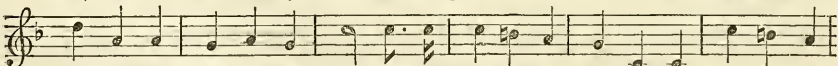
I'm a - float, I'm a - float, what mat-ters it where, So the deep sea's be-



low me, a - bove the pure air? I have rov'd thro' the world on thy bo-som, brave



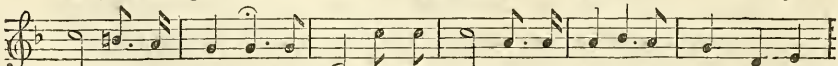
sea, and I hail thee my home, and the grave of the free! I have been where the



trum-pet-shap'd cloud has come down, And has threat'ned our bark with its ter - ri - ble



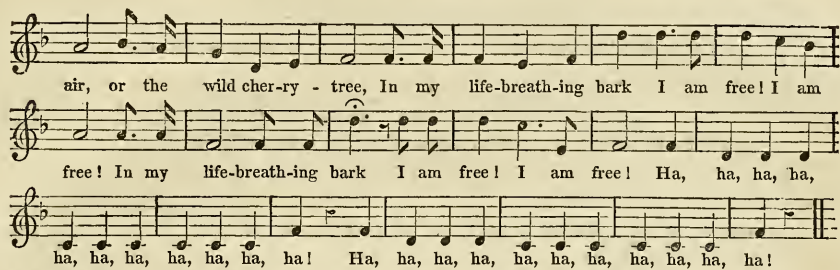
frown ; But the great God pro - tect - ed, His shield-arm was firm, And the wa - ter-spout



burst just a - stem or a - stern. O! I'm hap - pi - er far, on the broad bil - low's



foam, Than the lord - ling who boasts the gay pa - lace his home As bird in the



I have watch'd when the voice of the power of
might
Has call'd forth the storm in the dead of the night;
When the lightning's broad flashes were gleaming
around,
And a mighty voice spake in the thunder-ton'd
sound.
But the sun in his glory arises again,
And his mantle of splendour throws o'er the wide
main;—

O! beautiful ocean, I'm wedded to thee,—
A rich dowry is mine, I'm a child of the sea!
For, rock'd in thy cradle and rear'd on thy
breast,
Where so well as with thee could I take my last
rest;
And while life be spar'd me, my sea-song shall be,
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, I am free, I am free!—
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

ELIZA COOK'S SONG FOR THE YACHT CLUBS, TO THE SAME MUSIC.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and my home has no bound;
There's no wall of dark limit to circle me round:
Far away on the wave, I look back to the shore,
With a heart that scarce heeds if I see it no more.

There are playthings & pleasures on land, it is true,
But there's naught like the billow, so fresh and so
blue!

There are things of rare speed, but my own little
bark

Runs a beautiful race, in the day or the dark!

On, on through the tide! let the wind do its worst;
Let the lightning leap out, and the thunder-cloud
burst;

Up, up with my flag, there's no thing that I love
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

She rides in the sunshine with pinions of snow,
But like shaft in the quiver she's ready to go;
Gently breathe on her wings, she is up from her
nest,
And right onward she starts with a foam-cleaving
breast.

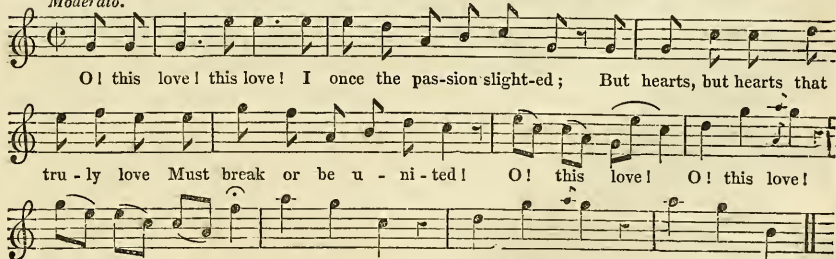
She will turn with a touch when the waters are
wild,
Like an Arab steed rul'd by a fair-handed child.
She is fast—she is free—as that Arab can be,
And is firm in the storm as a young forest tree.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, in my own little bark;
My home has no bound, in the day or the dark;
Up, up with my flag! there's no thing that I love
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

O! THIS LOVE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.



When first he came to woo,
I little car'd about him;
But soon I felt as though
I could not live without him!

O! this love! &c.

He gave to me the ring,
My hand ask'd of my mother;—

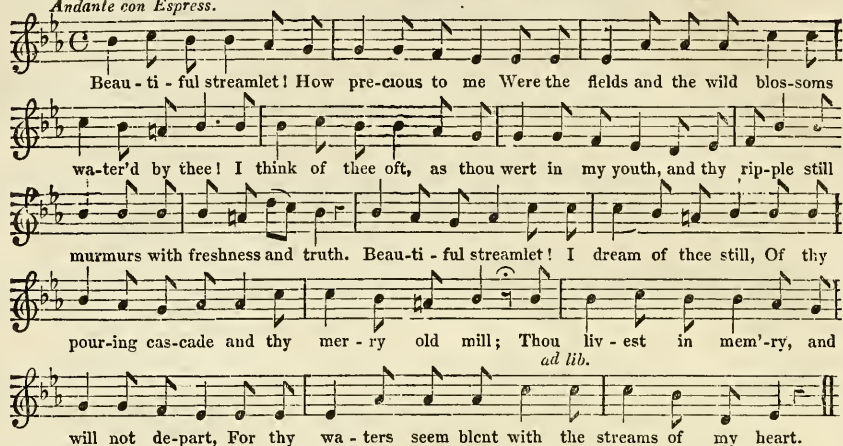
O! this love! O! this love!
I could not bear the thought
That he should wed another.
O! this love! &c.

And now I'm all his own,—
In all his joys I mingle;
Not for the wealth of worlds,
Would I again be single!

O! this love! &c.

THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con Espress.


Beau - ti - ful streamlet! How pre - cious to me Were the fields and the wild blos - soms
wa - ter'd by thee! I think of thee oft, as thou wert in my youth, and thy rip - ple still
murmurs with freshness and truth. Beau - ti - ful streamlet! I dream of thee still, Of thy
pour - ing cas - cade and thy mer - ry old mill; Thou liv - est in mem' - ry, and
will not de - part, For thy wa - ters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

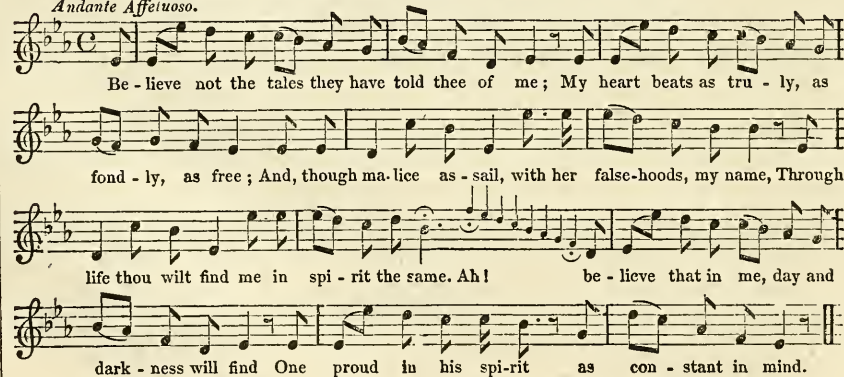
What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,
When the school-door was op'd, and the lessons
were done; [the call,
When, 'Where shall we play?' was the doubt and
And, 'Down by the mill-stream' was echo'd by all.
How I lov'd the green spot where my fairy ship
laid, [shade!
And the perch with its golden back slept in the
How I lov'd the tall rushes that grew by its side,
And the cress and the nily-cup kissing its tide!

Home of my youth, if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow;—
None can remember the sunny-fac'd child
That play'd by the ware-mill joyous and wild.
Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again,
And the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep
pain!
Desolation had reign'd—thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood! I'll see thee no more!

BELIEVE NOT THE TALES THEY HAVE TOLD THEE OF ME.

Poetry by Leigh Cliffe; Music by Henry Russell.

Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Affetuoso.


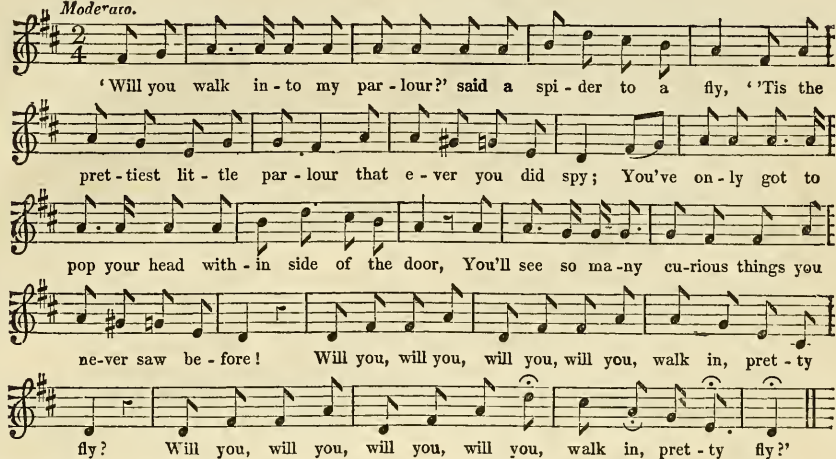
Be - lieve not the tales they have told thee of me; My heart beats as tru - ly, as
fond - ly, as free; And, though ma - lice as - sail, with her false-hoods, my name, Through
life thou wilt find me in spi - rit the same. Ah! be - lieve that in me, day and
dark - ness will find One proud in his spi - rit as con - stant in mind.

Let those who delight to inflict the sad pain
On a heart that in faith ne'er can wander again,
Know that whispering Hope, still unwilling to stray,
Has driven Despair from this bosom away, [kind,
And that she, in her fondness, smil'd sweetly and
On the proudest in spirit, most constant in mind

O! mem'ry! may never thy blossoms decay, [way;
Though tempests should scatter life's treasures a-
The past days of pleasure reflected by thee,
Are now the sole solace the world hath left me:
Ah! yet still one fond bosom is faithful and kind
To one proud in his spirit as constant in mind

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

As sung by Henry Russell.

Modérato.


'Will you walk in - to my par - lour?' said a spi - der to a fly, 'Tis the
pret - tiest lit - tle par - lour that e - ver you did spy; You've on - ly got to
pop your head with - in side of the door, You'll see so ma - ny cu - rious things you
ne - ver saw be - fore! Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pret - ty
fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you, walk in, pret - ty fly?'

'Will you grant me one sweet kiss?' said the spider to the fly,—

To taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - o - si - ty.
Said the fly, 'If once our lips did meet, a wager I would lay,
Of ten to one, you would not after let them come away.' Will you, will you? &c.

'If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?' said the spider to the fly, [sigh?]
'Before you leave me to myself, to sorrow and to Says the fly, 'There's nothing handsome unto you belongs,—
I declare you should not touch me with a pair of tongues.' Will you, will you? &c.

'What handsome wings you've got,' said the spider to the fly;—

'If I had such a pair, I in the air would fly!—

'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk;
You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.
Will you, will you? &c.

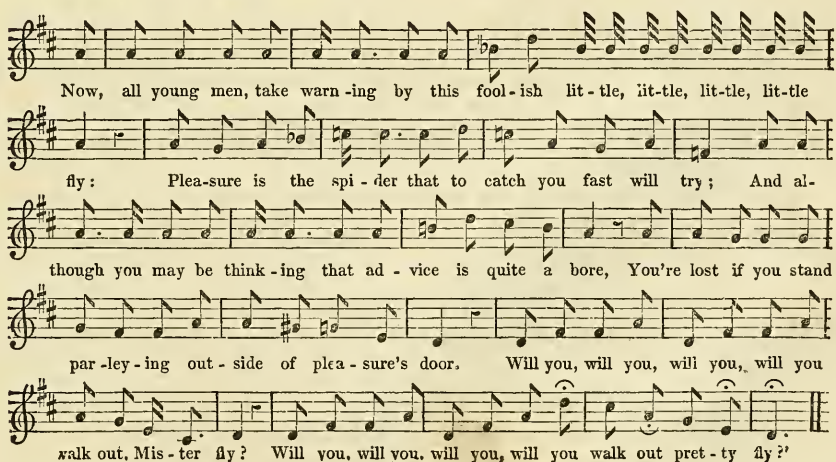
'For the last time now I ask you, will you walk i.e., pretty fly?' by.

'No, if I do, may I be shot—I'm off, so now good Then up he springs—but both his wings were in the web caught fast; [you safe at last.

The spider laugh'd, 'Ha, ha! my boy, I've caught Will you, will you? &c.

'And pray how are you now?' said the spider to the fly,— [buy

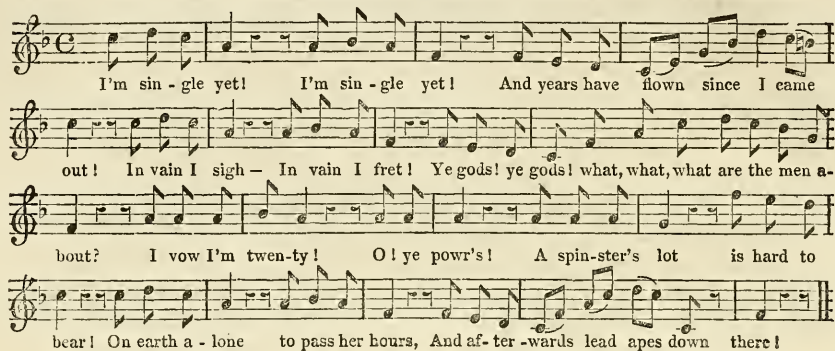
'You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly 'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late, And you who into cobwebs run surely deserve your fate!' Will you, will you? &c.



Now, all young men, take warn - ing by this fool - ish lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle, lit - tle
fly: Plea - sure is the spi - der that to catch you fast will try; And al -
though you may be think - ing that ad - vice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand
par - ley - ing out - side of plea - sure's door. Will you, will you, will you, will you
walk out, Mis - ter fly? Will you, will you, will you, will you walk out pret - ty fly?'

NOT MARRIED YET.

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



No offer yet! no offer yet!

I'm sure I cannot make it' out—

For ev'ry beau my cap I set:

What, what, what are the men about?

They don't propose! they won't propose!

For fear, perhaps, I'd not say, 'Yes!'

'I wish they'd try—for, Heav'n knows,

I'm tir'd of single blessedness!

Not married yet! not married yet!

Heigho! alas! and well-a day!

A hand of snow, an eye of jet,

Are all I have to give away.

They say, 'She's pretty, but, alas!'

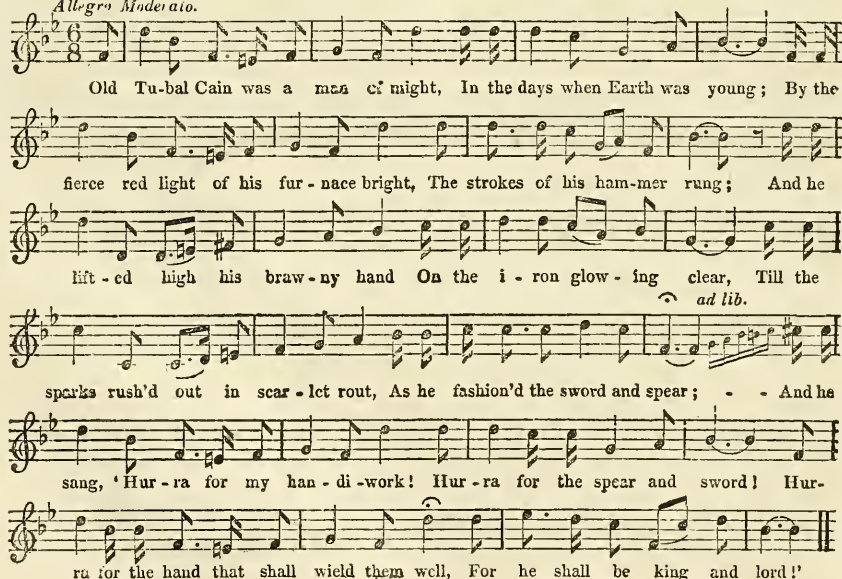
With hand extended, thus they float:

'She has no cash!' and by they pass:—

Ye gods! what are the men about?

TUBAL CAIN.

Poetry by Charles Mackay; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Jefferys.

Allegro Moderato.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free;

And they sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath giv'n us strength anew—
 Hurra for the smith! hurra for the fire!
 And hurra for the metal true!'—
 But a sudden change came o'er his head
 Ere the setting of the sun;
 And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
 For the evil he had done:
 He saw that men with rage and hate
 Made war upon their kind,
 And the land was red with the blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage blind;
 And he said, 'Alas! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow man!'—
 And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoulder'd low:

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bar'd his strong right arm for work.
 While the quick flames mounted high:
 And he sang, 'Hurra for my handiwork!'—
 And the red sparks lit the air,—
 'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'
 And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.
 And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship join'd their hands,— [wall,
 Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the
 And plough'd the willing lands;
 And sang, 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Our staunch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough,
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword.'

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante.

Where, where is the gate that once serv'd to di- vide The elm- shad-ed lane from the
 dus- ty road-side? I like not this bar- ri-er gay- ly bedight, With its glit- ter-ing
 latch and its trel- lis of white: It is seem- ly, I own, yet, O! dear-er by far Was the
 red-rust-ed hinge and the wea-ther-warp'd bar. Here are fa- shion and form of a
 mo- dern-ized gate, But I'd ra- ther have look'd on the Old Farm-Gate.

'Twas here that the urchins would gather to play
 In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;
 For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks or
 sand, [stand;—

Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could with-
 But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
 Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
 And the car of the victor, or carriage of state,
 Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm-Gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
 With the strength of a steed and the grace of a
 hound:

The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
 But none could leap over the postern like him.
 When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
 And the quickly pull'd willow-branch serv'd for a
 whip, [freight,

Spite of lugging and tugging, he'd stand for his
 While I climb'd on his back from the Old Farm-
 Gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
 When the moo was above and the glow-worms
 below;

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
 While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs
 grew quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, [hair?
 With church-going vestment and sprucely comb'd
 He lov'd, O! he lov'd, and had promis'd to wait
 For the one he ador'd, at the Old Farm-Gate.

O! fair is the barrier taking its place,
 But it darkens a picture my soul lov'd to trace;—
 I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
 And the rails, that my growing hand scarcely could
 clasp.

O! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
 With the commonest relic once link'd to the heart!
 And the brightest of fortune, the kindest fate,
 Would not banish my love for the Old Farm-Gate!

A LIFE IN THE WEST.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions

All-gro con Spirito.

O! bro - thers, come hi-ther, and list to my sto - ry,— Mer - ry and brief will the
nar - ra-tive be,— Here, like a mon-arch, I reign in my glo - ry— Mas-ter am
I, boys, of all that I see:— Where once frown'd a fo - rest a gar - den is
smil-ing, The meadows and moor-lands are marsh-es no more; And there curls the
smoke of my cot-tage, be-guil-ing The chil-dren who clus-ter like grapes at the door. Then
en-ter, boys—cheer-ly, boys, en - ter and rest; The land of the heart is the land of the
west! O - ho! boys! O - ho! boys! O - ho! boys! O - ho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man, like the wind, rolls impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here!
Then enter, boys, cheerly, &c.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger.
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;—
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labour,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,
And die, boys, in peace and goodwill to mankind!
Then enter, boys, cheerly, &c.

THE RISING SUN.

The Poetry by H. J. Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.

On a rock-y cliff I stood, And the o - cean wash'd its base; A pros-pect broad and
good The grate-ful eye could trace; Not a cloud ob-seur'd the sky, The dawn was
bright and fair; Nature, slum-b'ring, seem'd to lie Un-ruf-fled by the air.

In the east the rising sun
 Display'd his golden crest;
 His daily race he had begun
 T'ward the glowing west.
 O'er the waters of the deep
 His glitt'ring rays he shed,
 While the sparkling billows leap
 From out their liquid bed.
 See where bright Aurora twines
 Her tresses round her brow,
 As the rugged lofty pines
 With admiration bow:

Dewy mists, in sportive play,
 Their glitt'ring veils unfold;
 Like happy spirits, flee away
 In tints of molten gold.

Gentle zephyrs float around,
 And murmur'ing surges meet,
 Blending their notes of sound
 In music wild and sweet.
 How the grateful bosom burns
 With wonder and with love,
 As the soul in rapture turns
 To brighter scenes above.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Grazioso con Anima.

I care not for Spring! On his fic - kle wing Let the blos - soms and buds be
 borne: He woos them a - main with his treach - er - ous rain. And he scat - ters them
 ere the morn. An in - con - stant elf, he knows not him - self or his
 own chang - ing mind an hour, — He'll smile in your face, and with wry gri -
 mace He'll wi - ther your young - est flow'r. Let the Sum - mer sun to his
 bright home run. He shall ne - ver be sought by me: When he's dimm'd by a
 cloud I can laugh a - loud, And I care not how sul - ky he be.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
 Of the modest and gentle moon,
 Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
 Than the broad and unblushing noon.
 But every leaf awakens my grief,
 As it lieth beneath the tree:
 So let autumn air be never so fair,
 It by no means agrees with me.

Let the summer sun, &c.

But my song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
 The hearty, the true, and the bold:
 A bumper I drain, and with might and main
 Give three cheers for this Christmas w.d.

We'll usher him in with a merry din,
 That shall gladden his joyous heart,
 And we'll keep him up, while there's bit or sup,
 And in fellowship good we'll part.
 Let the summer sun, &c.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
 One jot of his hard-weather scars:
 They're no disgrace, for there's much the same tract
 On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
 Then again I sing, till the roof doth ring,
 And it echoes from wall to wall—
 To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
 As the king of the seasons all!
 Let the summer sun, &c.

THE EXILE.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay.—Music by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

O sad - ly, ye dark roll-ing waves of the o - cean, O sad - ly ye beat on this
de - so - late shore, And wake, with the voice of your rest - less com - mo - tion, Sad thoughts of the
home I must vis - it no more, Sad thoughts of the home I must vis - it no more. *Fine.*
From the far - dis - tant land which has spurn'd me for ev - er, The land for whose glo - ry I've
strug - gled in vain, Ye come, O ye winds! but, like me, ye can nev - er, O nev - er re -
turn to be - hold it a - gain! O, nev - er re - turn to be - hold it a - gain! O!

Thou bird that dost wing thy fair course o'er the
billow,

How happy, like thee, all unfetter'd to roam!

Each wave-circled rock can afford thee a pillow;

Each isle of the ocean provide thee a home!

But I must still wander in sorrow and sadness,
And stifle the thoughts which for ever awake;
Must brood o'er my woes till they drive me to
madness,

And teach my proud spirit to bend or to break.

THE FISHER-BOY.

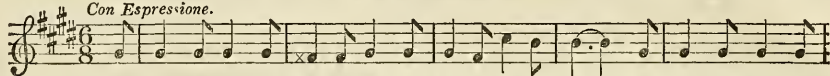
The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; - - O!
mer - ri - ly, O! the Fish - er - boy sings, Right glad that his la - bour's done; O! - - -
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; - - O!
mer - ri - ly, O! the Fish - er - boy sings, Right glad that his la - bour's done. Hap - pv and

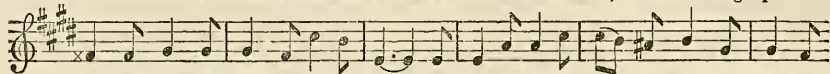
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

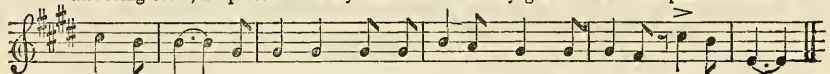
Con Espresione.



This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With falt'-ring lip and



throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For ma-ny gen-e - ra - tions past Here is our



fam'-ly tree: My mother's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names those records bear!
Who round the hearth-stone us'd to close,
After the evening pray'r,
And speak of what this volume said,
In tones my heart would thrill;—
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

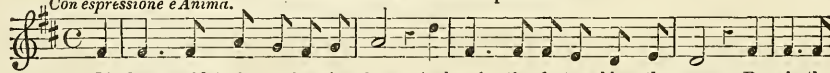
My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters, dear;—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear!—

Her angel face!—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!—
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!
Thou truest friend man ever knew
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide:
The mines of earth no treasures give
From me this book could buy;
For, teaching me the way to live,
It teaches how to die!

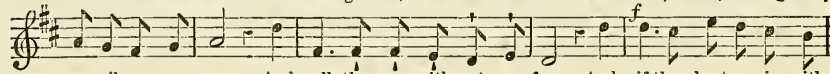
THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

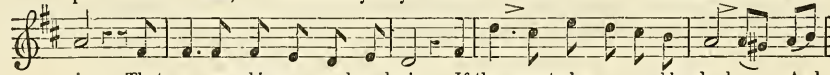
Con espressione e Anima.



If thou wouldst win a last-ing fame, And make the fu-ture bless thy name,—Be-gin thy



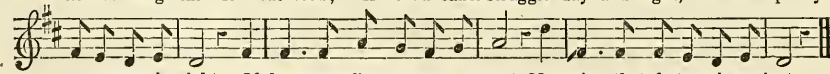
pe-ri-lous ca-reer, And walk thy way with-out a fear: And if thou hast a voice with-



in That e-ver whis-pers work and win;— If thou canst plan a no-ble deed, - - And



ne-ver flag till it suc-ceed; If thou canst struggle day and night, And keep thy



cy-no-sure in sight;—If thou canst dine up-on a crust, Nor pine that fortune is un-just;—
If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dress'd;—
If thou canst toil, the long-live day,
At thankless work, for scanty pay;—
If, in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown,
And bear the treacherous embrace
Of those who run the selfsame race;—
If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
Whatever obstacles control,
Go on, true heart, thou'lt reach the goal.

But, if so bent on worldly fame
That thou must gild thy living name,
And hast not strength to watch and pray
To seize thy time and force thy way;—
If failure might thy soul oppress,
And make thee like thy soul the less;—
Should rivalry thy fame forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall;—
Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thy heart will break, thy brain will wear:—
Content thee with a meaner lot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato con espress.

No sa-ble pall, no wa-ving plume, No thou-sand torch-lights to il-lume; No
part-ing glance, no strug-gling tear, Is seen to fall up-on the bier. There
is not one of kin-dred clay To watch the cof-fin on its way; No
mor-tal form, no hu-man breast, Cares where the poor man's bones may rest!

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the fun'ral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sadless heap.
No! he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate,
The old gray dog, that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

He bends his list'ning head, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.

The sun goes down, the night is come—
He needs no food, he seeks no home—
But, stretch'd upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polish'd marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claim'd by riches more than worth.
But who would mark with undimm'd eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Ar.dante.

Wood-man, spare that tree,— Touch not a sin-gle bough;— In youth it
shel-ter'd me, And I'll pro-tect it now. 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand That
plac'd it near his cot;— There, woodman, let it stand,—Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
Ah! wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke—
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O! spare that aged oak,
Now tow'ring to the skies!
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy;
Here, too, my sister play'd—

My mother kiss'd me here—
My father press'd my hand;—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

THE IVY GREEN.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq. printed by permission ; the Music by Henry Russell.
Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

O! a dain-ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old! Of
right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold: The walls must be
crumbled, the stones de-cay'd, To pleasure his dain - ty whim; And the mould'ring dust that
years have made is a mer-ry meal for him. Creep-ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the I - vy green. O! creep-ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the I - vy green. Creeping, creeping, creeping where no
life is seen, Creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tightly he clings,
To his mate, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and creeps around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where, &c.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where, &c.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris ; the Music by Henry Russell. —Published in Davidson's Edition of his Songs.

Con Anima.

We were boys to - ge - ther, And never can for - get The school-house near the
hea-ther, In child-hood where we met; Nor the green home, to mem - 'ry dear, Its
sorrows and its joys, Which call'd the transient smile or tear, When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys,
Ne'er imag'd in the prime of time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together!
The friends we lov'd of yore,
With leaves of Autumn weather,
Are gone for ever more!
How bless'd to age the impulse giv'n,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heav'n,
When you and I were boys.

COME, BROTHERS, AROUSE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Vivace.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/8 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole note, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature changes to one sharp (F#) at the 12th measure. The score ends with a double bar line.

Come, bro-thers, a - rouse, let the owl go to rest; O! the sum - mer sun's
in the sky; The bee's on the wing, and the hawk's in his nest, And the
ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by— and the ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by. Our
mo - ther, the world, a good mo-ther is she, Says to toil is to wel-come her
fare; Some boun - ty she hangs us on ev-e-ry tree, And bless - es us
in the sweet air. O! - - - come, bro-thers, a - rouse! let the owl go to rest; O! the
sum - mer sun's in the sky; The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,
and the ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by— and the ri-ver runs mer - ri-ly
by. Come, dance, lads— come, dance, lads,— oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Come,
dance, lads— Come, dance, lads— come, dance, come, dance a - way, a - way, a -
way, a - way a - way, a - way, oh! oh! - - -

And this is the life for a man, a man,
And this is the life for me:

The prince may boast if he can, he can,
But he never was half so free.
Our mother, the world, &c.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions
Andante Moderato.

O! a mourn-ful sound has the Old Church bell, That swings in the bel-fry old;—How
ma - ny a sad and mer-ry knell Has he rung from his tur - ret bold! The
old gray-beard and the pea-sant boy Havelis-ten'd to his chime, As he chang'd his note from
death to joy, With the chang-ing hours of Time. Toll - ing on, with mournful knell, A
warn-ing voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll-ing on, with mournful knell, A warn-ing
voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll-ing on, with mournful knell, A warn-ing voice has the

Old Church Bell. Ding dong, ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell.

O! his voice is clear as it gayly peals
On a happy bridal morn,
But it mournfully to the fun'ral steals,
Ere the fading day be gone:
Impartial he maketh his summons ring,
Unlike the courtier's plan,
For he'll wail no louder the death of a king
Than he would of a poor old man.
Tolling on, with solemn knell,
A solemn sound has the Old Church Bell.

He has seen the sire and seen the son
To the village churchyard bend;
And the deep-ton'd welcome shall still ring on,
Till Time itself shall end;
And his loud old tongue, like a lonely bird,
Chimes with a sacred spell;—
For the sweetest music earth e'er heard
Must yield to the Old Church Bell.
Tolling on, with solemn knell,
A mournful sound has the Old Church Bell.

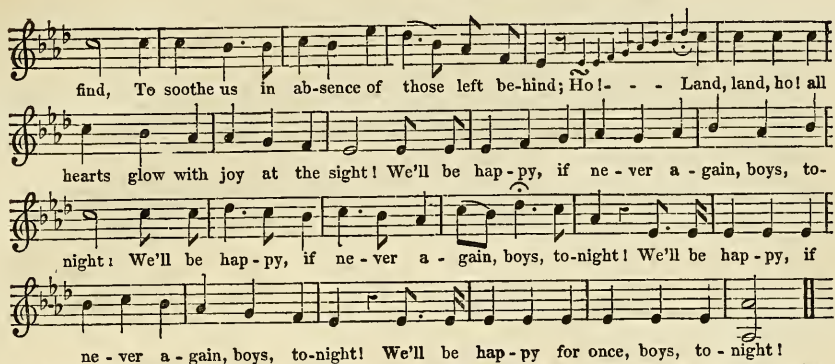
Ding, dong, &c.

Ding, dong, &c.

LAND, HO!

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.
Moderato con Spirito.

Up, up with the sig - nal! the land is in sight! We'll be hap - py, if
ne - ver a - gain, boys, to - night! The cold cheer - less o - cean in safe - ty we've
pass'd, And the warm ge - nial earth glads our vi - sion at last, And the warm ge-nial
earth glads our vi - sion at last. In the land of the stran-ger true hearts we chal



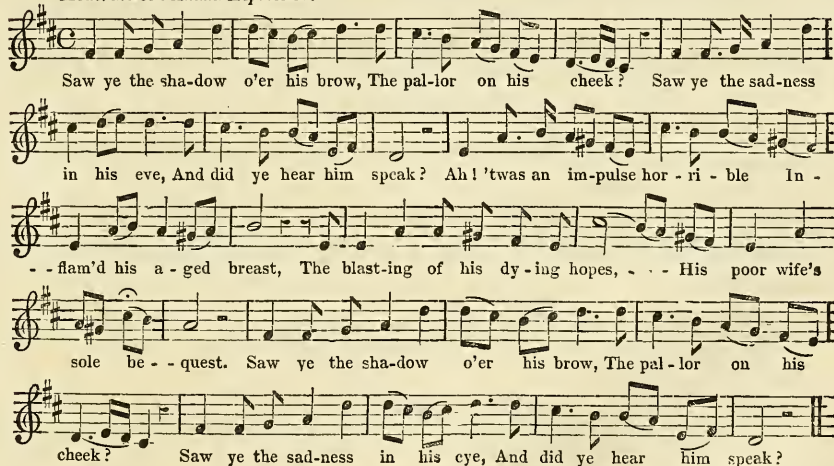
The signal is waving!—Till morn we remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our
birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear conuntry, our thoughts are as constant to thee
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea;
Ho! lana, and, ho! we near it, we bound at the
sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd!—The foam-sparkles rise.
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes;—
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of
care
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
One health, as chime gayly the nautical oells,—
'To woman—God bless her! wherever she dwells!
Ho! the pilot's on board, and, thank Heaven, all's
right!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

THE DYING LEGACY.

A Ballad.—The Poetry by J. M. Church, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's
Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderate con Anima Espressivo.



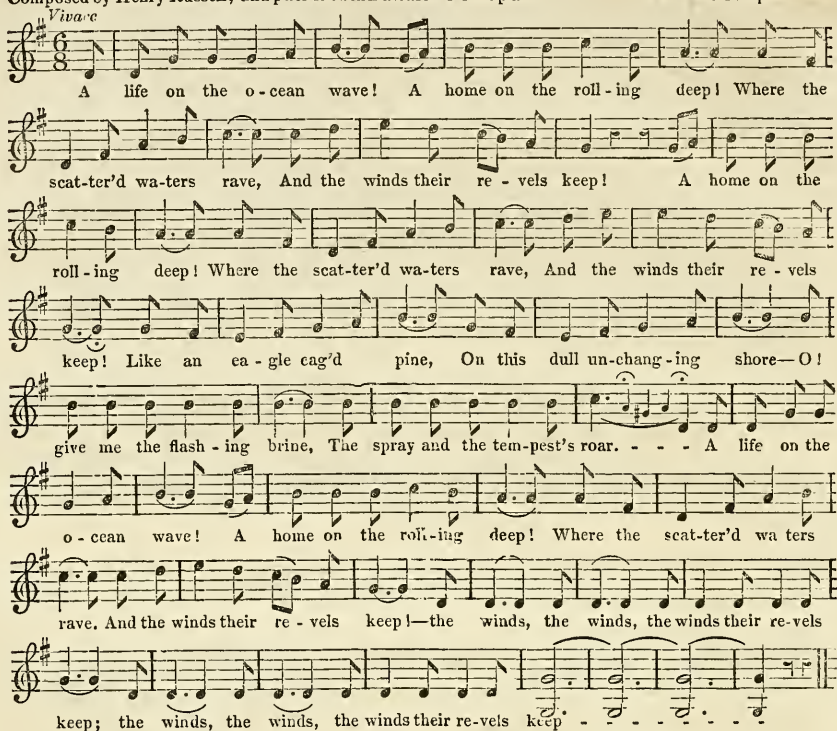
But late a daughter, simple child,
Sat prattling on his knee;
The solace of his tott'ring days,
His poor wife's legacy!
And, as he look'd into her eyes,
And watch'd her childish glee,
He murmur'd, 'Dear, oh! dear thou art,
My poor wife's legacy!
Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow &c.

'Tis now that old man, weak and wan,
Sits comfortless and lone:
His child, alas! poor fallen thing,
Sick'ning to think upon;—
And, as her image meets his thoughts,
They strive, they strive to flee:—
In vain: 'Poor fall'n Emm!' he sobs,
'My poor wife's legacy!
Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow, &c.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Composed by Henry Russell; and published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Vivace



A life on the o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the
 scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the winds their re - vels keep! A home on the
 roll - ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters rave, And the winds their re - vels
 keep! Like an ca - gle cag'd pine, On this dull un-chang - ing shore—O!
 give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem-pest's roar. - - - A life on the
 o - cean wave! A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the scat-ter'd wa-ters
 rave, And the winds their re - vels keep!—the winds, the winds, the winds their re-vels
 keep; the winds, the winds, the winds their re-vels keep.

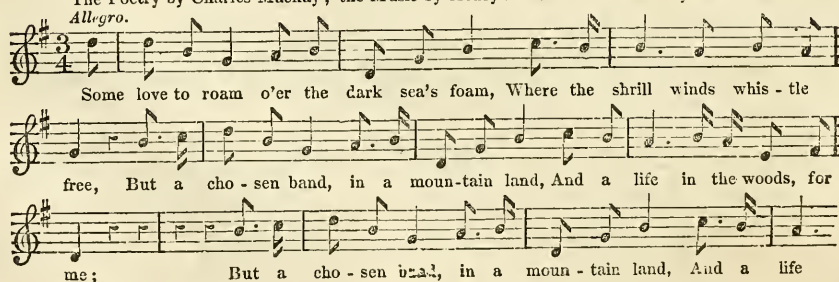
Once more on the deck I stand
 Of my own swift-gliding craft;
 Set sail! farewell to the land!
 The gale follows fair abaft!
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean-oid set free;
 Like the ocean-bird, our home
 We'll find far out on the sea.
 A life on the ocean wave, &c.

The land is no longer in view;
 The clouds have begun to frown;
 But, with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, let the storm come down!
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea!
 A home on the bounding wave!
 A life on the ocean wave, &c.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro.



Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whis - tle
 free, But a cho - sen band, in a moun-tain land, And a life in the woods, for
 me;
 But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life

in the woods, for me! When morn - ing beams o'er the moun - tain streams, O!

rall

mer - ri - ly forth we go, To fol - low the stag to his slip - p'ry crag, And to

chase the bound - ing roe. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! - - -

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, When the shrill winds whis - tle

free; But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life in the woods, for

me, And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me!

The deer we mark, in the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track;
And for right good cheer, in the forest here,
O! why should a hunter lack?

For with steady aim at the bounding game,
And hearts that fear no foe,
To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
O! merrily forth we go.
Ho, ho, ho! Some love to roam, &c.

DEAR JANET.

The Poetry by Frederick West; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con espressione.

I dream'd, dear Ja-net, that all the earth Bow'd down to thy beau - ty's might;— The

flash - ing me - teor in Hea - ven had birth, Yet en - vy'd thine eyes' sweet light; The ro - sy

ad lib.

dawn, and the blushing eve, To thee did their light con - sign; - - - The nightingale

ad lib.

left his rose, to sing To thy cheek its song di - vine, Dear Ja-net, Dear Ja-net.

And then the zephyr its spirit dress'd
In the perfume of sweet flow'rs,
And joyously to thy cheek it press'd,
And thy tresses made its bow'r's;
It fann'd thy face, and in dream-like bliss
It pour'd forth its gentle lay,—
As it stole from thy roseate lips a kiss,
Softly sighing, seem'd to say, 'Dear Janet.'

When the frost wither'd, I steep'd my wings
In the balm of the southern skies:
And to cool thy brow in summer's heat,
In realms where the cold snow lies;
And then I chang'd to the zephyr, dear,—
I knelt at thy beauty's shrine,
And, in transport and passion, breath'd the love
Of a heart that is wholly thine, dear Janet.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

When at the so - cial board you sit, And pass a - round the wine, Re-
mem - ber, though a - buse is vile, That use may be di - vine; That
Heav'n in kind - ness gave the grape, To cheer both great and small — — — *cres.*
That lit - tle fools will drink too much, But great ones not at all.
And when, in youth's too fleeting hours, But, in your daily intercourse,
You roam the earth alone, Remember, lest you fall,
And have not sought some loving heart, That little fools confide too much,
That you may make your own, — And great ones not at all.
Remember woman's priceless worth, In work or pleasure, love or drink,
And think, when pleasures pall, Your rule be still the same;—
That little fools will love too much, Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,
And great ones not at all. Your love a steady flame;
And if a friend deceiv'd you once, Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer—
Absolve poor human kind, — So shall your bliss not pall:
Nor rail against your fellow man, For little fools enjoy too much,
With malice in your mind; But great ones not at all.

COME, FILL THE CUP.

Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato Vivace.

Come, fill the cup, nor fear to sip The gen'rous, gen'rous ru - by wine; Let
love - ly wo-man's ro - sy lip Pro - tect, pro - tect the sa - cred vine! The
cheer-ful cup in - spires the heart with friend - ship's sun - ny, sun - ny glow; In
mod'rate draught, it doth im - part To wit a spark - ling, spark - ling flow. Come,
fill the cup, nor fear to sip the gen' - rous, gen' - rous ru - by wine; Let
love - ly wo-man's ro - sy lip Pro - tect, pro - tect the sa - cred vine.

Come, fill the cup! the regal draught

For ill was ne'er design'd;

The temp'rate will avoid the shaft

Excess may leave behind.

With grateful care the rare old vine

Was rear'd by Nature's hand;

Let not in vain its tendrils twine,

Its juicy buds expand.

Come, fill the cup! &c.

Come, fill the cup! nor dream that harm

Incipient lurks within:

We pledge alone the social charm,

But guard against the sin.

Come, drain the cup! and leave awhile

Dull care to take its flight;

While lovely woman's gentle smile

Illumes the shades of night.

Come, drain the cup! &c.

VERY PEKOOLAR, OR THE LISPING LOVER.

As sung by Henry Russell.

Moderato.

Have you e'er been in love? if you hav'n't I have—To the lit-tle god, Koo-pid, I've
been a great thlave; He thot at my buth-om a quiv-er of harrows, Like naugh-ty boys
thoot at cock-ro-bins and thpar-rows. My heart was as pure as the white al-a-
ba-ther, Till Koo-pid my buth-om weak did o-ver-mather; Ye gods on-ly
know how I lov'd one Mith Julia, There was something a-bout her so we-ry pe-koo-liar.

We met first at a ball, where our hands did en-
twine,

And I did squeegee her finger and she did
squeegee mine;

To be my next partner I wentur'd to preth her,
And I found that she lithp'd when she answer'd
me, 'Yeth, thir.'

Now, in lithping, I think, there is something un-
common—

I love, in pertikler, a lithp in a ooman:
I'm sure you'd have liked the lithp of Mith Julia,
There was something about it so very pekooliar.

Like a beautiful peach was the cheek of my Julia,
And then in her eye there was something pekooliar;
Speaking volumnes, it darted each glance to one's
marrow,

As thwift and as keen as the wicked boy's harrow.
A thlight catht in her eye to her looks added
wigor;—

A catht in the eye often tends to disfigure,
But not so the catht in the eye of Mith Julia,—
There was something about it so very pekooliar.

Good friends were we thoon, and midst thmiles
and midst tears,

I courted her nearly for three or four years;

I took her to plays and to balls—oh, ye powers!
How thwettly and thwiftly did then path away
the hours!

But once—oh, e'en now, I my feelings can't thmo-
ther—

She danced all the evening along with another;—
I didn't thay nothing that night to Mith Julia,
But I couldn't help thinking 'twas very pekooliar.

I went next day to thecold; when she, to my heart's
core,

Cut me up by requething I'd come there no more;
And I should be affronted if longer I tarried,
For next week to another she was to be married.
'Gods! Julia,' said I, 'why I you do not thay tho?'

'Yeth, but I do, thir, and you'd better go.'
'Well, I thall go; but, thurely you'll own it, Mith
Julia,

Your behaviour to me hath been very pekooliar.'

[SPOKEN.] Very pekooliar, very pekooliar, in-
deed, Mith.

Ah! from that day to this, I have never theen
Julia;

Her behaviour to me, though, was very pekooliar.

THE SPIRIT AND THE STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook, to the Music of 'The Old Arm Chair,' composed by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

The banks of the ri-ver were love-ly and bright, As the blos-soms and
boughs met the sum-mer noon - light; The moss hid the flow-er, the
tree screen'd the moss, And the wil-low's thick tres-ses fell sweep-ing a-cross: But
Time took his way on those green banks at last, And pull'd up the
flow'rs and trees as he pass'd;— He stretch'd his cold hand—the white
cot-tage was down, And the spring-y moss wi-ther'd be - neath his stern frown.

He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
Of the willow so lov'd for its wave-kissing grace;
But he touch'd not the river—that still might be
found

Just the same as when beautiful green banks were
The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow;
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
It may gayly expand where Love twineth a bow'r,
And faithfully picture the branch and the flow'r.

But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek.
He will whiten the dark hair, and shadow the cheek;
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.
The tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair

As it did when the alder and lily were there;
The change that has come o'er the place of its course
Has not lessen'd its ripple, or alter'd its source.

And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
May outlive some dear images mirror'd in youth;
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall
find

Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less
O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locks
turn gray,

But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is
free,

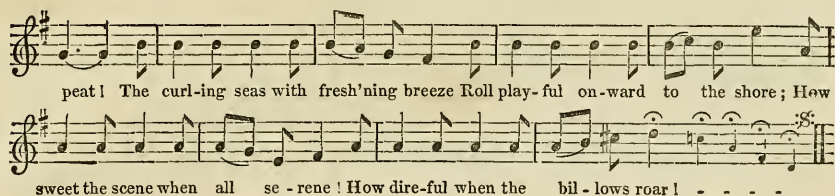
Glide onward unchang'd to Eternity's sea.

THE MAIN.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap
and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

S: Allegro Moderato.

The main, the main, the flow-ing main! Where proud-ly rides Vic-to-ria's
fleet— The main, the main is Free-dom's strain; Let ev-ry voice the
lay - re - peat! Where proud-ly rides Vic-to-ria's fleet— The main, the
main, is Free-dom's strain; Let ev-ry voice the lay - re.



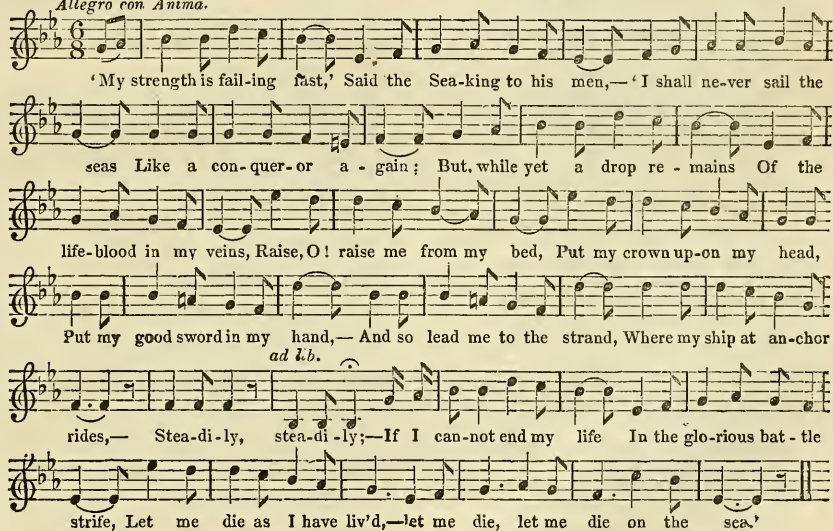
From depths profound the waves resound,
And murna'ring music fills the air;
With what delight the prospect bright
Invites the mariner to share!
The feather'd oar puts out from shore,
And swiftly o'er the waters glides;
The swelling sail heeds not the gale,
But safely through the tempest rides!
The main, &c.

That noble bark with wonder mark,
Emerging from a wat'ry cave:
Now toss'd on high, it braves the sky,
A feather on the mighty wave.
The tempests cease, and, hush'd in peace,
The baffling surges soon are spread;
As Nature sleeps, old Neptune leaps
Triumphant from his liquid bed!
The rain, &c.

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro con Anima.



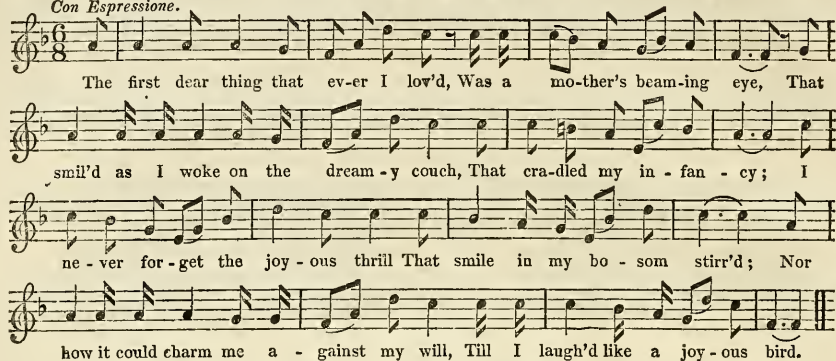
They have borne him to the ship,
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have plac'd him on the deck,
With his crown upon his head;
And in the hold beneath
Lit the slow sure fire of death.
There was music in her sails,
As they spread them to the gales,
And a dashing at her prow,
As she cleft the waves below;
And he rais'd his voice, exulting! gallantly!
'The life is in me yet,
And the courage to forget
All my pain, in my triumph on the sea.'

Once alone, a cry aros,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sank upon the deck,
With the flames on ev'ry side;
'I am coming,' said the king,
'Where the sword and bucklers ring,'
And of Bolder, warrior born,
Naught remain'd, at break of morn,
Of the charr'd and blacken'd hull,
But some ashes and a skull;—
And still the vessel drifted heavily,
With a pale and hazy light,
Until far into the night,
When she founder'd in the silence of the sea.

THE FIRST DEAR THING THAT EVER I LOV'D.*

The Poetry by the Rev. A. C. Coxe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con Espressione.



And the next fair thing that ever I loved
Was a bunch of summer flow'rs,
With odours, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as Eden's bow'rs:—
I never can find such hues again,
Nor smell such sweet perfume;
And if there be odours as sweet as them,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved
Was a fawn-like little maid,
Half awed, half pleased, by the frolic boy
That tortured her doll, and played;
I never can see the gossamer,
Which rude rough zephyrs tease,
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks,
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

And the next good thing that ever I loved
Was a bow-kite in the sky;
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,
And a dog for my company:
And a jingling hoop, with many a bound
To my measured strike and true;
And a rocket sent up to the firmament,
When Even was out so blue.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love
Was a field of wavy grain,
Where the reapers mowed; or a ship in sail
On the billowy, billowy main;
And the next was a fiery, prancing horse,
That I felt like a man to stride;
And the next was a beautiful sailing-boat,
With a helm it was hard to guide.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love
Is tenderer far to tell:
'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye
That dazzled me with its spell;
And the loveliest things I had loved before
Were only the landscape now,
On the canvass bright where I pictured her,
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,
Musing o'er these lovely things,
For ever, for ever flow'n.

Then out I walked in the forest tree,
Where wantoned the autumn wind,
And the coloured boughs swung shivering,
In harmony with my mind.

And a Spirit was on me that next I loved,
That ruleth my spirit still,
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,
Albeit against my will.
And I walked the woods till the winter came,
And then did I love the snow; [aisles,
And I heard the gales through the wildwood
Like the Lord's own organ blow.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk
I saw it far away,
Surprised with snows, like the bending priest
That kneels in the church to pray:
And I thought of the vaulted fane and high,
Where I stood when a little child,
Awed by the lauds sung thrillingly,
And the anthems undefiled.

And again to the vaulted church I went,
And I heard the same sweet prayers.
And the same full organ-peals upsent,
And the same soft, soothing airs;
And I felt in my spirit so dear and strange,
To think of the race I ran,
That I loved the sole thing that knew no change
In the soul of the boy and man.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,
And that froze on my lids, did fall,
And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,
Like scales from the eyes of Paul:
And the last dear thing I was fond to love
Was that holy service high.
That lifted my soul to joys above,
And pleasures that do not die

And then, said I, one thing there is
That I of the Lord desire.
That ever, while I on earth shall live,
I will of the Lord require:
That I may dwell in his temple bless'd,
As long as my life shall be,
And the beauty fair of the Lord of Hosts
In the home of his glory see.

* This elegant poem is printed entire, that the singer may select the verses most consonant to his taste or state of feeling. The First, Second, Fourth, and Sixth, with the first four lines of the Seventh, followed by the last four lines of the Eleventh for a conclusion, will be found a continuous and eloquent song, not too long to be generally acceptable

OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

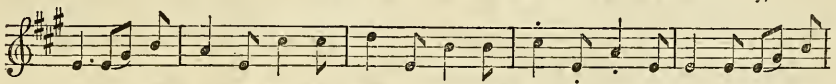
Con Anima.



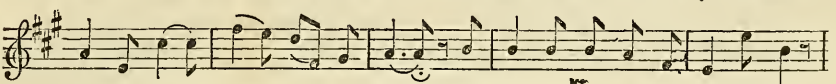
Spring has vi'-lets blue, all be-sprent with dew, And the summer's song rings cheer -i-ly;—And



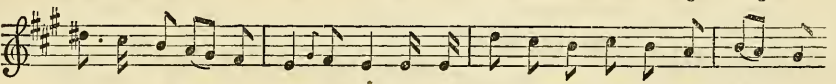
win-ter is chill, yet I love him still, For he ne'er to me looks wea-ri - ly, As



sing - ing we go, Our way a - cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! Our way a - cross the



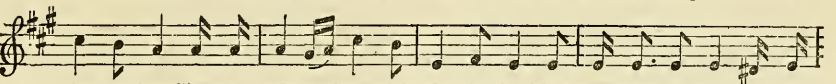
moun-tains ; ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! When winds are loud, and the gath'-ring cloud



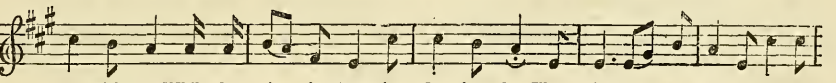
Pour-eth the show-er, drea-ri - ly, How it glad-dens the eye if the fire we



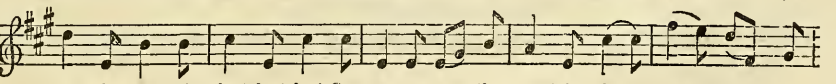
spy, From the cot-tage bla-zing mer-ri ly, O! When our way is past, and the



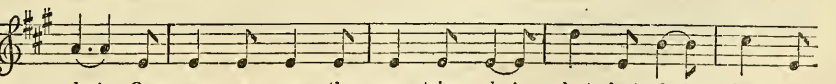
fire at last Gives a wel-comehome right glow-ing-ly, More plea-sant the shout of the



storm with out, While the wine is streaming flow-ing - ly. Then sing-ing we go, Our way a -



cross the mountains. ho ! ho ! ho ! Our way a - cross the mountains, ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !



ho! Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!



ho! Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Ah ! it still is far, like some distant star,
 Yet it beameth out right pleasantly ;
 Our bosoms they swell, and we hope full well
 That we shall be there presently.

The ground is white, and through the night
Cometh the squall so gustily;
The sleet drives thick, and the rain falls thick;
But our hearts beat high and lustily.
Oh now our way is past, &c.

OLD KING TIME.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Quasi Allegro.

I wear not the pur - ple of earth-born kings, Nor the state - ly er - mine of
 lord - ly things; But monarch and courtier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo - ry and
 bend to me, But mon - arch and cour - tier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo - ry and
 bend to me. My scap - tre is gem - less; yet who can say, They will not come un - der its
 migh - ty sway? Ye may learn who I am—there's the pass - ing chime and the dial to
 he - rald me— Old King Time! Ha, ha! Old King Time! Ha, ha,
 ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Old King Time! Ha, ha, ha!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
 After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
 My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
 On the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
 Who laughs at my power?—The young and the gay;
 But they dream not how closely I track their way.
 Wait till their first bright sands have run,
 And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

Ha, ha! Old King Time!

I eat thro' treasures with moth and rust;
 I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
 I make the shell-proof tower my own,
 And break the battlement, stone from stone.
 Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,—
 Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
 But the marble shall crumble, the pillars shall fall,
 And Time, Old Time, will be King after all.

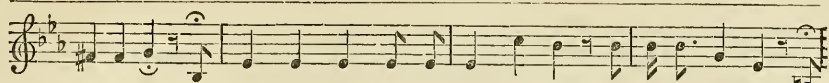
Ha, ha! Old King Time!

THE OLD SEXTON.

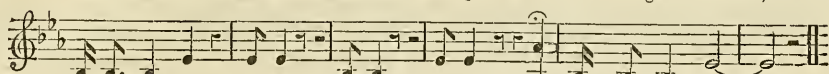
The Poetry by Park Benjamin; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Quasi Allegro.

Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made Lean'd a Sex - ton old, on his earth-worn
 spade; His work was done, and he paus'd to wait The fun' - ral train through the
 o - pen gate: A re - lic of by-gone days was he, And his locks were white as the



foamy sea; And these words came from his lips so thin: 'I gather them in,—



gather them in,— gather, gather, gather,— I ga-ther them in.'

'I gather them in! For man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of the burial-ground:
Mother and daughter—father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.'
I gather them in, &c.

'Many are with me—but still I'm alone:
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.

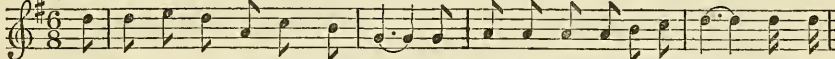
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all;
Let them toil in pleasure or wilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.
I gather them in, &c.

'I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast;
And the Sexton ceas'd, for the fun'ral train
Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain;
And I said to myself, when Time is old,
A mightier voice than this Sexton's old
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din:
'I gather them in,—I gather them in.'
I gather them in, &c.

WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

The Words by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

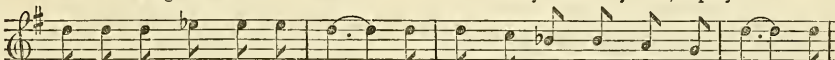
Vivace.



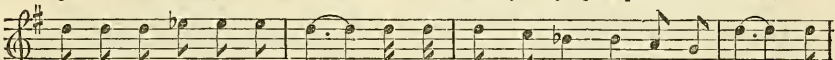
Heigh-o! for a husband! Heigh-o! There's dan-ger in lon-ger de-lay! Shall I



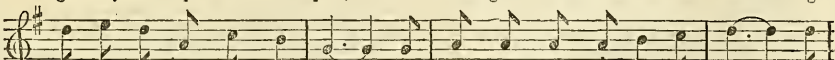
ne-ver a-gain have a beau? Will no-bo-dy mar-ry me, pray? I be-



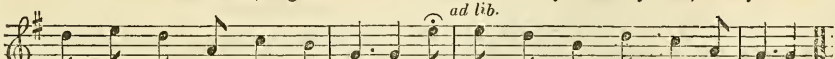
gin to feel strange, I de-clare— With beau-ty my pros-pects will fade; I'd



give my-self up to de-spair, If I thought I should die an old maid! Heigh-



o! for a hus-band, heigh-o! Will no-bo-dy mar-ry me, say? Will



no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy? no! Will no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy? no!

These men are the plague of my life!
'Tis hard from so many to choose:
Should any one wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know, for none have propos'd;—
O! dear me! I'm frighten'd, I vow—
Good gracious! who ever suppos'd
That I should be single till now!

Heigho! &c.

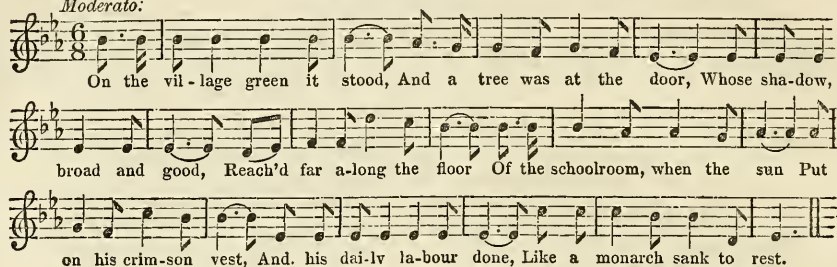
I once cut the beans in a huff;
I thought it a sin and a shame,
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name.
So I turn'd up my nose at the short,
And roll'd up my eyes at the tall;
But, then, I just did it in sport
And now I've no lover at all!

Heigho! &c.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

The Poetry by Park Benjamin ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato:



How the threshold wood was worn!
How the lintel-post decay'd!
By the tread at eve and morn
Of the feet that o'er it stray'd—
By the pressure of the crowd
Within the portal small—
By the ivy's emerald shroud,
That wrapp'd and darken'd all!

That school-house dim and old—
How many years have flown
Since in its little fold
My name was kindly known!
How different it seems
From what it used to be,
When, gay as morning dreams,
We play'd around the tree!

How we watch'd the lengthen'd ray
Through the dusty window-pane!
How we long'd to be away,
And at sport upon the plain!
To leave the weary books,
And the master's careful eye,
For the flowers and for brooks,
And the cool and open sky

Alas! where now are they—
My early comrades dear?
Departed far away,
And I alone am here!
Some are in distant climes,
And some in churchyard cold—
Yet it tells of happy times,
That school-house dim and old!

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

To the same Music.—Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

On that lowly village green
Where those happy school-boys play,
Oft sporting was I seen
In joyous childhood's day;
But that time seems now a dream,
A vision that has been.
Where are, then, my playmates fled,
That once sported on yon green?

Still the school-room gable bends
O'er that little quiet pool;
But I miss my youthful friends,
Friends at that village school!
Far in distant land some roam,
And some are on the sea;
Now I've sought my native home,
I find all are strange to me.

Oh! how little time has wreck'd
My home of life's young tide,
Tho' my spirit's flow is check'd,
And my heart has lost its pride!
Time has not been kind to me;
I feel what I have been,
Since I trod so gaily free,
A boy on that village green!

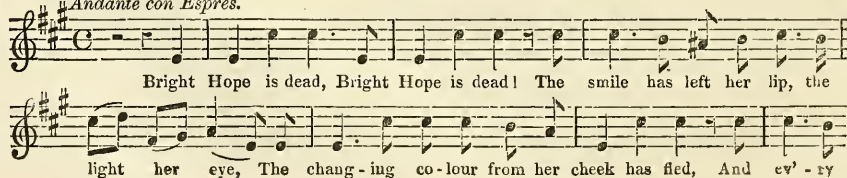
To rest in yon churchyard lone,
Is my first and fond wish now,
With no name to mark the stone
That covers my cold brow.
Oh! my life has been a dream,
A vision faintly seen;
Yet even now I happy seem
When on that dear village green!

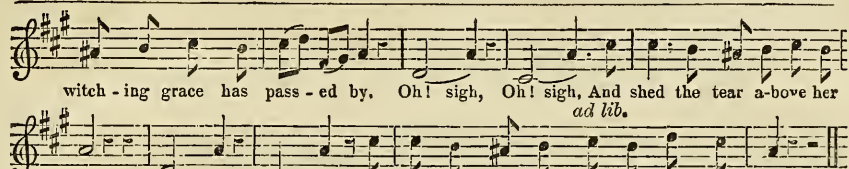
HOPE'S SEPULCHRE.

The Poetry by Anne A. Fremont.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 23, Price 3d.

Andante con Espres.



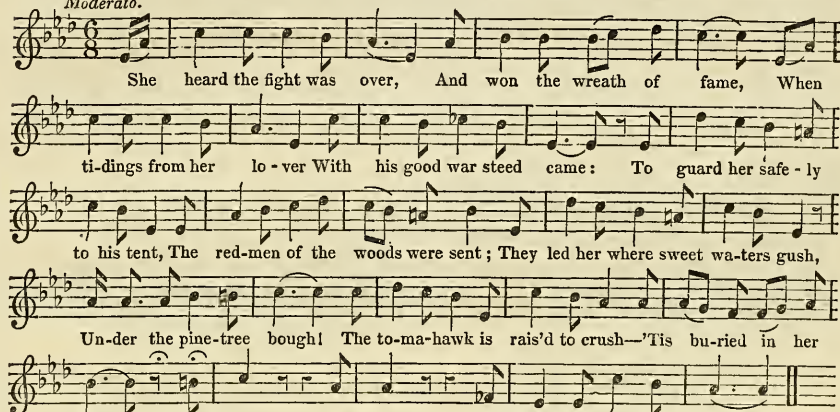


with - ing grace has pass - ed by. Oh! sigh, Oh! sigh, And shed the tear a - bove her
ad lib.
bier; Oh! sigh, Oh! sigh;—We can - not grieve too much that Hope should die!

Shall we make her grave, shall we make her grave, Far 'neath the sea, far 'neath the sea,
In the rainbow, which so much resembles her? Her rest will be, e'en by its storms unbroken;
In the sparkling foam of the sunny wave? Ah no! 'mid none of these, but let it be
'Midst the glad flowers of the infant year? Where most in life her honey'd words were
Oh! where, 'mid all things sweet on earth that meet, spoken.
Oh! where shall we for bright hope find a Oh! sigh, and lay her low, 'mid sobs of woe,
sepulchre! Deep, within a heart which Love has broken!

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.


She heard the fight was over, And won the wreath of fame, When
ti-dings from her lo - ver With his good war steed came: To guard her safe - ly
to his tent, The red-men of the woods were sent; They led her where sweet wa-ters gush,
Un-der the pine-tree bough! The to-ma-hawk is rais'd to crush—'Tis bu-ried in her
brow— She sleeps, she sleeps, be - neath that pine-tree now!

Her broken-hearted lover No more those waters slake their thirst,
In hopeless conflict died; Shadeless to them that tree,—
The forest leaves now cover O'er land and lake they roan accurs'd,
That soldier and his bride. And in the clouds they see
The frown of the Great Spirit fell Thy spirit—thy spirit unaveng'd, M'Cra!

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

To the same Music.—No. 724 of Davidson's Musical Treasury, Price 3d.

THE battle strife was over,
And silence reign'd around,
Save when some martial rover
Patroll'd the coarse-strewn ground.
Yet, wand'ring o'er that gory plain,
One sought her lord amidst the slain;
His duty call'd him to the fray,
Then peace and hope lost she,
And, 'midst the horrors of the day,
His spirit sought the free.
He slept! he slept, in quiet with the dead!

She found him calmly resting,
As in a happy dream;
She felt as she was breathing
The battle's fiercest stream:
Then wildly round his form she clung,
While winds a mournful requiem sang:

And mis'ry breath'd in ev'ry tone
That bade her spirit how;
She felt that she was left alone,
To fect a desert now!
He slept, he slept, and she embrac'd the dead!

The morning saw her bending,
In fondness, though in pain;—
Her lease of life was ending,
Her heart's affections slain.
With one sad sigh her spirit fled;
The wife, the husband, both were dead!
A grassy mound upon that plain,
Beneath a pine-tree's bough,
Marks where war's victims met again,
And where they slumber now!
They rest, they rest, in peace amongst the dead!

A HAPPY HOME IS MINE.

The Poetry by Angus B. Reach, Esq.

Published, with Piano-forte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Moderato.

Let them sing, who may, Of the banquet gay, When disturb'd is the calm of night, By the
 dance so free, and the re - vel-ry, In plea-sure's wild - est height ; Let them
 blithesome flee o-ver land and sea, O'er mountain and fo - rest roam ;—But most
 dear in my eyes, the pleasures I prize, Are the joys of a hap - py home. With the
 cheer - ing light of my fire - side bright, Oh, I hail its ge - nial shine ; Which
 glows a - far, like a wel-coming star,—Oh, a hap - py home be mine!

There are some who long, 'mid a merry throng,

To wander far away,

From a rock-bound strand to a vine-clad land,

From sombre scenes to gay ;

And some there be, on the murmuring sea,

Who love along to sweep,

With a swelling sail, and an eddying gale,

Away o'er the rolling deep.

But the cheering light, &c.

So then let the world be idly whirl'd,

For its pleasures I little care,

When I have by my side my own lov'd bride,

My peace and my bliss to share.

Then to others I leave, what must ever deceive,

The world's proud pomp and show ;

For domestic love is a gift from above,

To bless us here below.

Then a cheering light, &c.

WE MET IN OTHER YEARS.

The Poetry by Ione.

Published, with Piano-forte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 181, Price 3d.

Con molto Espressione.

We met in o - ther years, love, When beau - ty grac'd thy
 brow, Ere world - ly cares and fears, love, Had sad - den'd
 us as now—O ! mem'-ry's pleasant pla - ces Seem fai-ry land to me, When
 thought their path re - tra - ces, Be - lov'd one, with thee— Oh ! my be -
 lov'd one, my be - lov'd one, with thee, Oh ! my be - lov'd one, be - lov'd one, with thee.

What, though thy cheek hath faded ;
Far dearer now thou art,
Than when, with blushes shaded,
Its brightness bless'd my heart.

Time, that with silver twines, love
Our locks once flowing free,
Doth but more closely bind, love,
This dotting heart to thee—

ROCKAWAY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Sempre Moderato.

On old Long Is-land's sea - girt shore, Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In
list'n'ing to the breakers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock - a - way; On old Long Island's
sea - girt shore, Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a - way, In list'n'ing to the
break - ers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock - a - way. *Fine.* Trans-fix'd I've stood while
na - ture's lyre In one har - mo - nious con - cert broke, And, catch - ing its Pro-
me - than fire, My in - most soul to rap - ture woke. O! - - on, &c.

O! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet.
Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet!
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.
On old Long Island's, &c.

To hear the startling night-winds sigh.
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.
Majestic scene, where Nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasur'd music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
On old Long Island's, &c.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

To the same Music.—Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Old English Hospitality!
There's something in that sound
Still dear to ev'ry native heart
Within Old England found!
Tho' pleasure wait at fortune's call,
The poor may claim their part;
For there's a wealth more dear than all,
The riches of the heart!
Oh! the honest welcome, frank and free,
Which marks the lib'ral hand!
The brave old Hospitality
That warms our native land!

Old English Hospitality!
On ev'ry shore is heard,
Far as our flag hath swept the sea,
Each long familiar word!
The chieftain in his mountain home,
The peer in halls of state:

Where'er the foot of man may roam,
Though but the Cotter's gate,
Still lives that charm they ne'er forget,
From age to age the same;
Old customs, that keep holy yet
The light of England's fame!

Let Florence vaunt each classic shrine,
Greece sing of glories fled,
Old England with a grace divine
Still lifts her stately head!
For she hath treasure yet untold,
A triumph ever near,
Whilst round her, in heroic mould,
Her generous sons appear!
Then fill the goblet high, ye free,
And cheer whilst round ye stand;
Here's English Hospitality!
God bless the lib'ral hand!

'TIS EVE ON THE OCEAN.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Allegro.

'Tis eve on the 'ocean, The breeze is in mo-tion, And brisk-ly our ves-sel bounds
forth on its way;—The blue sky is o'er us; The world is be-fore us; Then, El-len, my
sweet one, look up and be gay! Why sor-row thus blind-ly For those who un-
kind-ly Could launch, and then leave us, on life's trou-bled sea; Who so heart-less-ly
scant-ed The lit-tle we want-ed, And de-nied us the all that we ask'd—to be
ad lib.
free. But we've 'scap'd from their trammels,—the word is a-way! Then, El-len, my
sweet one, look up and be gay; Then, El-len, my sweet one, look up and be gay, look
up, look up and be gay, look up, look up and be gay.

On—on we are speeding, whilst, swiftly receding,
The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue:
Now that gem of earth's treasures, that scene of
past pleasures,
The home of our childhood, fades fast from our
view.
Yet still thy heart's swelling, my dearly-lov'd Ellen!
What recks it to us that we leave it behind?
Dark ills may betide us, but fate cannot guide us
Where foes are more bitter, or friends are less
kind,
Than we've found them at home; but the word is—
away!—
Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay.

Now twilight comes o'er us, and dimness hath
bound us,
And the lighthouse looks forth from its sur-
beaten height;
Like Hope's gentle beamings, thro' Sorrow's deep
dreamings,
Or the loadstar of mem'ry to hours of delight.
Tho' self-exil'd, we sever from England for ever,
We'll make a new home in a country afar;
And we'll build us a bower where stern pride hath
no power,
Nor wealth can oppress us, our bliss thus to mar.
We have broken our chain, and the word is—away!
Then, Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay.

THE WINDS ARE FREE.

The Poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Con molto Anima.

The winds are free,—in spor-tive glee, They can play with the rude waves mer-ri-ly, And
bound and leap o-ver vale and steep, Or calm as a dream-less in-fant sleep, When the



sunbeams bright spread a gir - dle of light, And burst from the clou - dy bed of night; They
 roar to see . . . the bliss for me . . . Of all, or a - ny
 thing, that's free. I love, I love, oh! I love the free,— I love, I love the
 free; I love, I love, oh! I love the free; I love, I love, I love the free!

Not even man, whom nature's plan
 Was to free, from the time his life began,
 Can, like the wind, be unconfin'd,
 For he is fetter'd in heart or mind: [beam
 Though his young day-dream be as bright as the
 Of the sun that tints the flowing stream,
 He ne'er can be like the winds and sea,
 For nature made and keeps them free.

I love, I love, oh! I love the free.

The winds are free,—in sportive glee,
 They can play with the rude waves merrily;
 And bound and leap over vale and steep,
 Or calm as a dreamless infant sleep.
 The eagle that flies in the tempest-torn skies
 Enjoys that pure freedom I would prize;
 Like him I'd be, for happy is he,—
 Wild and daring thing, he's free!

I love, I love, oh! I love the free.

THE OCEAN, OR THE MERRY MARINERS.

The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro Vivace.



Blow, blow, wild winds, blow, for our course we'll pur - sue, Ca - pri - cious old
 Bo - reas, un - sha - ken by you, Ca - pri - cious old Bo - - reas, un -
 shaken, un - shaken by you. And if with ill - na - ture you mut - ter and growl, Why, we'll
 still keep our way, and sing while you howl! So, if with ill - nature you mutter and growl,
 Why, we'll still keep our way, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our
 way, and sing while you howl; - - - Why, we'll still keep our way, and
 sing, and sing while you howl; Why, we'll still keep our way, And sing, and sing while you howl.

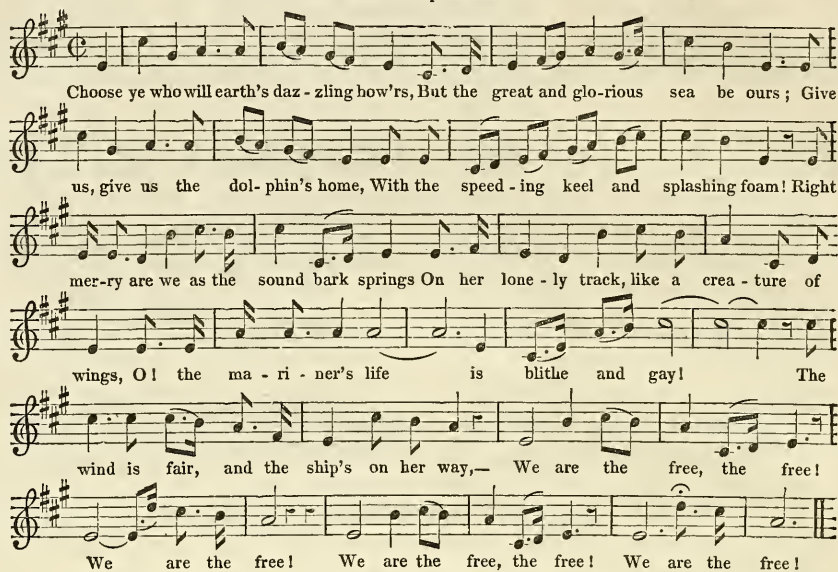
Blow, blow, and unfurling our sails to the gale,
 It shall waft us along, as o'er ocean we sail:

We'll outstrip the breeze, and we'll buffet the blast,
 And like merry mariners sing to the last.

So, if with ill-nature, &c.

SONG OF THE MARINERS.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



Choose ye who will earth's daz - zling how'rs, But the great and glo - rious sea be ours; Give
us, give us the dol - phin's home, With the speed - ing keel and splashing foam! Right
mer - ry are we as the sound bark springs On her lone - ly track, like a crea - ture of
wings, O! the ma - ri - ner's life is blithe and gay! The
wind is fair, and the ship's on her way,— We are the free, the free!
We are the free! We are the free, the free! We are the free!

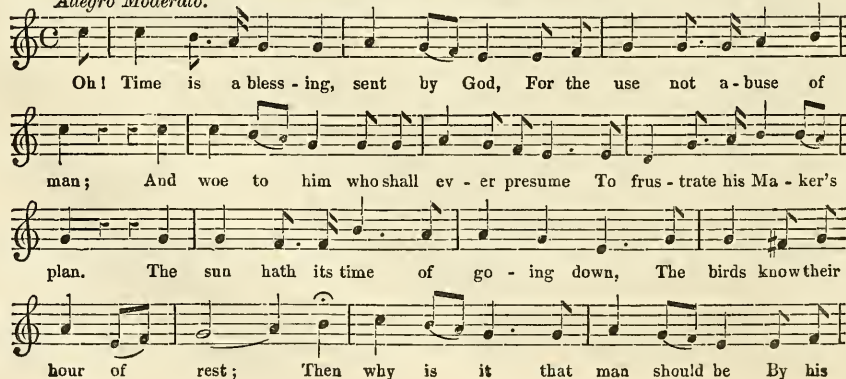
We love the perilous sea because
It will not bend to man or his laws:
It ever hath roll'd, the uncontroll'd;
It cannot be warp'd to fashion or mould.
We are not so apt to forget our God,
As those who dwell on the dry safe sod;
And the chafing tide, as it rolls and swells,
Hath a deeper sound than the old church bells—
We are the free! &c.

'Tis here we may sink 'mid the deluge and blast,
But we cope with the strong, and are quell'd by the
vast;
And a noble urn is the founder'd wreck,
Tho' no incense may burn, and no flow'r may deck.
We need no stately fun'ral-car,
But, tangled with weeds and lash'd to a spar
Down, down below we mariners go,
While thunders volley and hurricanes blow—
We are the free! &c.

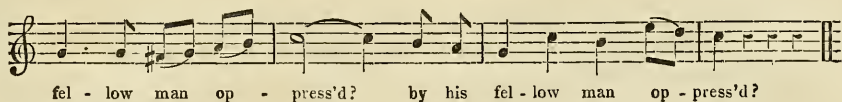
TIME IS A BLESSING.

The Words by I. R.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 511-12, Price 6d.
Allegro Moderato.



Oh! Time is a bless - ing, sent by God, For the use not a - buse of
man; And woe to him who shall ev - er presume To frus - trate his Ma - ker's
plan. The sun hath its time of go - ing down, The birds know their
hour of rest; Then why is it that man should be By his



Oh! why should the hour of toil endure,
Till the head and heart grow faint?

Is it because the mind of man
Is better for such restraint?
Need leisure hours be idle hours,
And tend to corrupt the mind?

No! brotherly love is the only chain
That master and man should bind.

Go, ask ye of him whose sunken cheek
Proclaims a life of care,

How many hours of the twenty-four
He for wife and child can spare?
Oh! long ere he wearily seeks his home
His children are gone to rest;—

Little they know of a father's love,
Or the anguish that rends his breast.

Who would not toil for those he loves?

But, alas! human nature is weak,
And if time be not given for mental food,
Some other resource man will seek:
At the hour of ten, at the closing hour,
When the spirits require relief,

He rushes to scenes where excitement dwells,
To drown for a while his grief.

Ye dispensers of time, oh, remember your trust!
Close early, you'll never repent:

Oh! why should a blessing by man be denied
That our Heavenly Father has sent.
Close early, close early, you'll have your reward—
Believe me I say what is true:

Those who have time to seek after their God
Will be the most faithful to you.

THE LADY LEAVES THE BANQUET HALL.

The Poetry by Charles Arnold, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Allegretto Vivace.

The la - dy leaves the ban - quet hall, The hall of mirth and song; Still
as the night her light steps fall, The mar - bled plain a - long; But oft
cres. *f*
she starts as the Mos - lem harps Ring forth their joy - ous joy - ous strain, And the
Con Espress. *Slentando.* *Piu.*
la - dy sighs to list that sound She may ne - ver ne - ver hear a - gain, she may
A Tempo. *cres.*
ne - ver ne - ver hear a - gain! - - - The la - dy leaves the fes - tive hall, The hall
of dance and song; Light - ly her trem - bing footsteps fall, the shin - ing courts a - long.

Where doth she glide so silently,
From those who love her well?
Why did she shun her father's eye,
When chim'd the midnight bell?
Ask the young knight who reins his steed,
Beside yon portal low.

She hath become the Christian's bride
And from Palestine must go;
For him she steals so silently,
From the bower of her birth,
To seek a home in Christendy,
Far from her sunny earth.

THE OLDEN TIME AND THE PRESENT TIME.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Andante con Espressione.

The old - en time, The old - en time, how peo - ple love to praise In prose and rhyme The
old - en time in old queen Bess's days! The pre-sent time's a plea - sant time, If
men would but a - gree To let the time just take its time, and pass in mirth and glee; The
old - en time, The old - en time be - longs to his - to - ry; Let sa - ges pore its
p *ad lib.*
pa - ges o'er, the pre-sent time . . for me! The old - en time, the old - en time be -
longs to his - to - ry; Let sa - ges pore its pa - ges o'er, the pre-sent time for me!

What though this time, this present time, —
Has swallow'd up the past,
The future time, the future time,
Will swallow this as fast.

Then take your time, and pass your time,
And good from ill divide,
Or, wanting time, you'll lose your time,
And then be cast aside. The olden time, &c.

BY THE CRIMSON HUE OF THE FAIR SUNSET.

Poetry by Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 25, Price 3d.

Con Anima.

By the crim-son hue of the fair sunset, By the sky all dark-ly blue, Now the
sink-ing sun the moon hath met, I love, I love but you. By the clust'ring stars so
sparkling bright, by yon clouds of dus-ky hue, By the pale rays of the moon's clear light, I
love, I love but you, I love, I love, I love, I love, I love but
you, I love, . . I love, I love, I love but you.

By the birds that sing so merrily
In groves remote from view,
By the leaves that spring on the forest-tree,
I love, I love but you.

By the sun that shines so pleasantly,
'M'dst summer's skies bright blue,
By the white frost on grass and tree,
I love, I love but you.

A SONG FOR A STORMY NIGHT.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 205, Price 3d.

Quasi con Spirito.

The winds with-out, in their midnight rout, How through our case-ment drea-ri-ly; But
sweet is our mirth, round the so-cial hearth, When cir-cles the wine cup cheer-i-ly; With a
heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, With a heigh ho,
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Fill up the bowl, and stir up the coal, Make the
flames mount bright and chee-ri-ly; We've right good cheer, and a welcome here, Tho' the
fierce winds whis-tle wea-ri-ly, Oh . . . Yet, a-mid our glee, per-chance there be Some
near us pi-ning wea-ri-ly; All nipp'd by the cold, some tra-vel-ler old, May be
trudg-ing through snow-drifts drea-ri-ly; With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho,
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
ho, . . . ho, With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
ho, With a heigh ho, . . . ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, . . . ho.

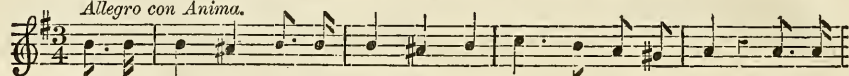
Show, then, a light from our window to-night,
Let it gleam to guide him cheerily;
We've a chair and a jug, and a corner snug,
When he comes to our door so wearily;
With a heigh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Never shall it be said that we, well fed,
By our fireside singing cheerily,

Could forget, this night, the bitter plight
Of the thousands pining wearily!
Oh, throw open the door, to the old and poor,
They shall all be welcome cheerily;
While there's 'tite or sup on our board or cup,
They never shall pass by wearily;
With a heigh ho, ho, ho, &c.

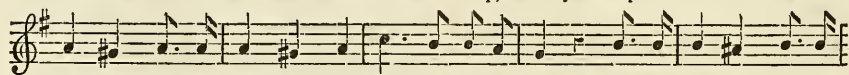
MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

The Poetry by Mrs. Crawford.

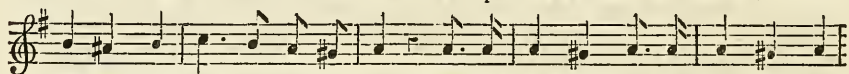
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, Nos. 337-8, Price 6d.

Allegro con Anima.

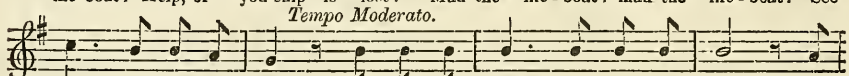
Man the life - boat! man the life - boat! Help, or yon ship is lost! Man the



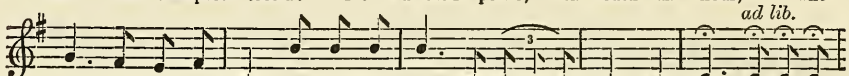
life - boat! man the life - boat! See how she's tempest-toss'd! Man the life-boat! man the



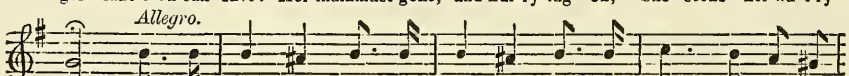
life-boat! Help, or yon ship is lost! Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! See



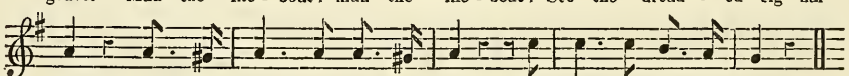
how she's tem-pest - toss'd! No hu-man pow'r, in such an hour, The



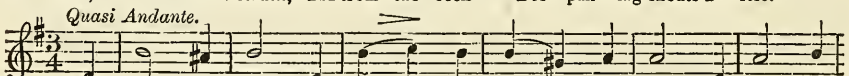
gal-lant bark can save: Her mainmast gone, and hur-ry-ing on, She seeks her wa-t'ry



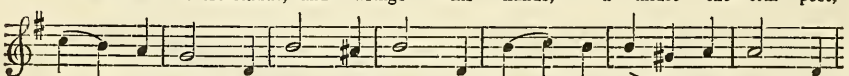
grave. Man the life - boat! man the life - boat! See the dread - ed sig-nal



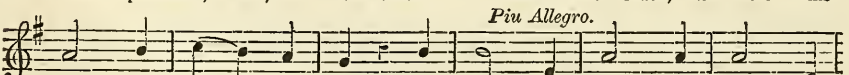
flies;— Ha! she's struck, and from the rock Des-pair-ing shouts a - rise.



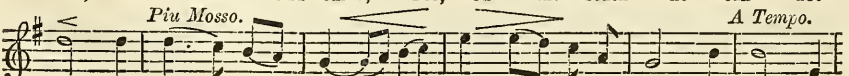
And one there stands, and wrings his hands, a - midst the tem - pest,



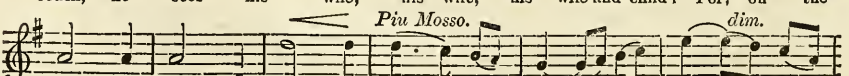
tem - pest wild; For, on the beach he can - not reach, he sees his



wife, his wife and child; For, on the beach he can - not



reach, he sees his wife, his wife, his wife and child! For, on the



beach he can - not reach, He sees his wife . his wife . . and

*Ad lib. assai.**Ad lib. assai.*

child! A - midst the tem-pest wild, He sees his wife and child!

Moderato.

Life-sav - ing ark! you doom-ed bark Im - mor - tal souls doth

bear; Not gems nor gold, nor wealth un - told, But men, brave men, are there.

Oh, speed the life - boat! speed the life - boat! Oh God, their ef - forts

crown! She dash-es on! the ship is gone, Full for - ty fathoms down!

Ah! see! the crew are strug - gling now A - midst, a -

midst the bil - low's roar. Ah! see! the crew are strug - gling

now a - midst the bil - low's, the bil - low's roar! Ah!

see! the crew are strug - gling now A - midst the

bil - low's, the bil - low's roar!

*Ad lib.**A Tempo.*

boat! they're all a - float! Hur - rah! they've gain'd the shore! Bless the

life - boat! bless the life - boat! Oh! God! thou'lt hear our pray'r! Bless the

life - boat! bless the life - boat! No lon - ger we'll des - pair.

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

The Words by I. R.— The Music by Henry Russell

Con Passione.

'Now tell me, Ma-ry, how it is that you can look so gay, When eve-ning af-ter
eve-ning your husband is away? I ne-ver see you sulk or pout, or say an an-gry
lento.
word; And yet you've plen-ty cause for tears, If all be true I've heard.' 'It is because, my
Animato. sis-ter dear, a husband you ne'er wed, Nor saw your chil-dren gath'ring round, and
ad lib. ask-ing you for bread;— You ne'er can know how it be-comes a wo-man's lot, through
life, To be, e'en to a drunk-ard's faults, a faith-ful lov-ing wife.

'And yet I can recall the time when bitter tears I shed,
And, when my husband stagger'd home, what angry words I said;
I never thought that I could be as cheerful now I
Yet this happy change was brought about by a simple little dream.

'One evening, as I sat beside our humble cottage-door,
And listen'd for my husband's step, as oft I'd done before,
Some wicked thoughts came in my mind, and bitterly
"I never wish to see him more! oh, would that he were dead!"

'They say the wretched cannot rest, but surely 'tis not so,
For very soon I fell asleep, 'midst tears of grief and I dream'd I had my wish fulfill'd—my husband was no more,—
I fell upon his lifeless form, and kiss'd him o'er and

"Oh, Dermot, darling, speak to me! I meant not what I said; [not dead!]"
Oh, speak one word unto your wife—say, say you are
'And sure I'm not, my Mary dear"—I woke up with a scream, [but a dream.
And found my husband standing by—his death was

'And since that time, whene'er I feel disposed to be unkind, [my mind;
The warning of that fearful dream comes fresh upon And, though it costs me many a pang to know the life he leads, [heart bleeds.
I try to greet him with a smile, when oft my poor

'I'll humbly put my trust in God, and ask for strength to bear
The trials that he sends on earth for all of us to share;
And if by patience I can change my husband's wand'ring life, [wife!]
I'll bless the hour that dream was sent to his neglected

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

To the same Melody.

'WHY, Dermot, you look healthy now, your dress is neat and clean,— [you've been.
I never see you drunk about,—oh, tell me where Your wife and children, are they well? you once did use them strange;
Oh, are you kinder grown? how came this happy

'It was a dream, a warning voice, which Heaven sent to me, [and misery.
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse, grim want My wages all were spent in drink,—oh, what a wretched view! [children too:
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starv'd my

'I thought once more I "stagger'd home—there seem'd a solemn gloom! [in the room!
I miss'd my wife,—where can she be? and strangers I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead,—she led a wretched life, [drunkard's wife?"
Grief and want did break her heart,—who'd be a

'I saw my children weeping' round,—I scarcely drew my breath; [still'd in death:
They knelt and kiss'd her lifeless form, for ever "Oh! father, come and wake her up, the people say she's dead: [cry for bread!"
Oh, make her smile and speak once more—we'll never

"What was my wife or home to me? I heeded not
 her sigh;" [dim'd her eye,
 'Her patient smile oft welcomed me when tears be-
 My children, too, have oft awoke,—“O, father dear,”
 they've said, [had no bread."
 "Poor mother has been weeping so, because we've
 My Mary's form did waste away, I saw her sunken
 eye; [wailing cry:
 On straw my babes in sickness laid, I heard their
 laugh'd and sang, in drunken joy, while Mary's
 tears did stream, [dream:—
 Then like a beast I fell asleep, and had this warning
 "She is not dead," I frantic cried, and rush'd to
 where she lay, [as clay:
 And madly kiss'd her once warm lips, for ever cold
 "Oh, Mary, speak one word to me! no more I'll
 cause you pain; [again.
 No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink
 Dear Mary! speak, 'tis Dermot calls"—“Why so I
 do,” she cried!— [side!
 I woke—and true my Mary dear was kneeling by my
 I press'd her to my throbbing heart, while joyous
 tears did stream, [that dream!
 And ever since I've Heaven bless'd for sending me

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

The Poetry by L. M. Thornton; the Music by Henry Russell.

Moderato.

You ask'd me, sis - ter, how it was that I ap - pear'd so gay, While
 eve - ning af - ter eve - ning my hus - band was a - way? You own'd I ne'er did
 frown or pout, or say an an - gry word, Al-though I'd plenty cause for tears, if
 all were true you heard. I told you how I rash - ly wish'd my
 hus-band dead might be; I told to you that dread-ful dream, so like re-al-i-
 ty, And said, if e'er by pa - tience I could change his wand' - ring
 life, I'd bless the hour that dream was sent to his neg - lec - ted wife.

A bed of sickness, sister dear, with its attendant woe,
 Oft teaches us a lesson which in health we rarely know;
 We think what now we might have been, and what
 alas! we are,
 And vow in dust what we will be, if God our lives
 will spare.
 Late hours, the drunkard's cup, for weeks had laid
 my husband low,
 When to his side he called me, and, as fast the tears
 did flow,
 He cried, 'For many years I've been a wicked man,
 'tis true,
 But God has pardon'd all my sins;—then, Mary,
 will not you?

'How nearly, dear, your awful dream to me fulfilled
 has been,
 But even from the darkest cloud are gleams of sun-
 light seen;
 And from the grave's dread brink I'm raised, a better
 man to prove,
 And be what long I should have been to her who thus
 can love. [day:
 And he has been an alter'd man, my sister, from that
 No longer from his wife doth he with loose compan-
 ions stray;
 All is one scene of happiness, and oft he doth exclaim,
 "Mary, I've liv'd to bless the hour that visitation
 came."

CHARTER OAK.

The Poetry by Mrs. Sigourney.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury.

Andante con Espressione.

Char-ter Oak, char-ter Oak! tell us a tale Of the years that have fled, like the
leaves on the gale, For thou bearest a brave an-nal on thy brown root and stem, And thy
heart was a cas-ket for li-ber-ty's gem. Speak out in thy wis-dom, o-
rac-u-lar tree, And we and our children will lis-ten to thee; For the love of the a-ged is
dear in our eyes, Thy leaves and thy a-corns as re-lics we prize. Char-ter
Oak, Charter Oak! tell us a tale Of the years that have fled like the leaves on the gale, For thou
bear'st a brave annal on thy brown root and stem, And thy heart was a cas-ket for
li-ber-ty's gem, And thy heart was a cas-ket for li-ber-ty's gem.

See them, they come, the dim ages of old,
The sires of our nation, true-hearted and bold;
The axe of the woodman rings sharp thro' the glade,
And the worn Indian hunter reclines in thy shade.
I see them, they come! the gray fathers are there,
Who won from the forest this heritage fair;

With their high trust in heaven they suffer'd or toil'd,
Both the tempest and tyrant unflinching they foil'd.
Charter Oak, Charter Oak! ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom the rudiment rare,
So, a crown of green leaves be thy gift, noble tree,
With the love of the brave and the thanks of the free

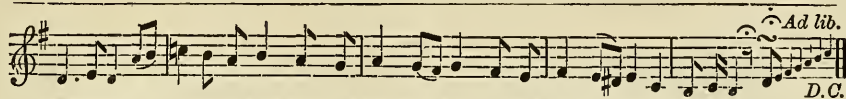
WHEN THE TEMPEST FLIES.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 174, Price 3d.

Allegro con Anima.

When the tem-pests fly O'er the clou-dy sky, And the pi-ping blast sings wear-i-ly, Oh!
sweet is the mirth of the so-cial hearth, Where the flames are bla-zing chee-ri-ly, Where the
Fine.
flames are bla-zing chee-ri-ly. The moonbeam bright, of a summer night, Shineth but sad and



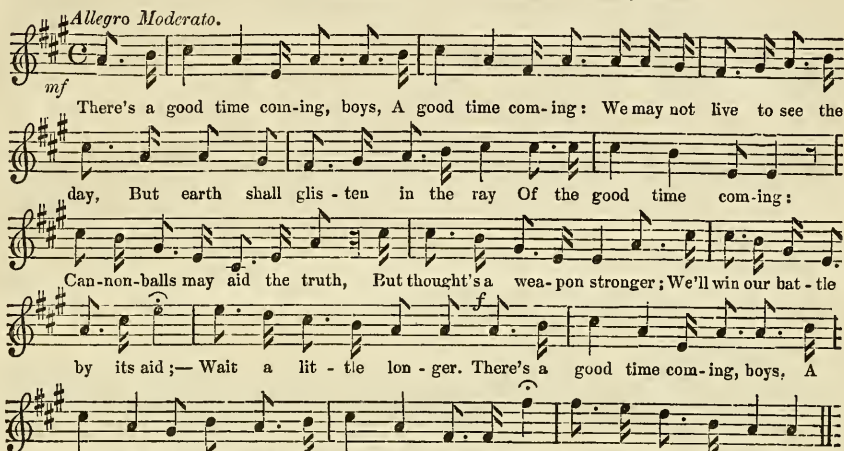
wea-ri-ly, But jol-ly's the glow where the wine-cups flow, And the bright fire blazes cheerily, Oh!

Let the storms without, in their midnight rout,
Howl through the casement drearily,
We're merry within, round the blazing linn,
Where the wine-cup circles cheerily.

The moonbeam bright, of a summer night,
Shineth but sad and wearily,
But jolly's the glow where the wine-cups flow,
And the bright fire blazes cheerily.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, L.L.D.; the Music by Henry Russell.



good time coming; There's a good time com-ing, boys;— Wait a lit - tle lon-ger.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming,
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledg'd stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming;

Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

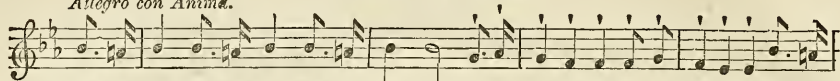
[There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
Abhor what may intoxicate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.]

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

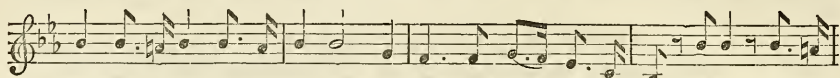
LET'S BE GAY.

The Music by Henry Russell.

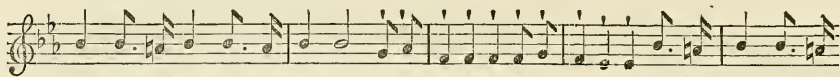
Allegro con Anima.



Let's be gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Let's be



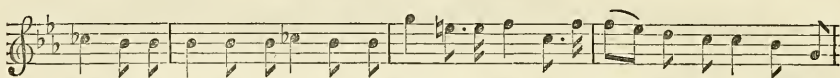
gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—We'll quaff, we'll quaff from this cup. ha ha! Let's be



gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Let's be gay, let's be



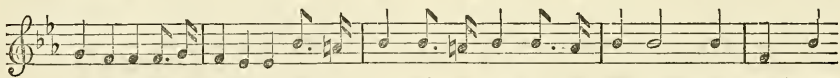
gay, let's be gay, boys—We'll quaff, we'll quaff from this cup, ha, ha! 'Tis night all a-



round us, The chill blast is howling ; 'Tis night all around us, The chill blast is howl-ing, is

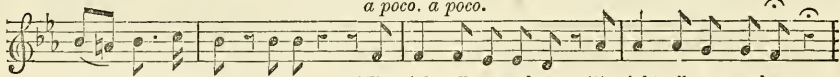


howl-ing away; 'Tis howl-ing a-way; Let's be gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—Ha ha



ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Let's be gay, let's be gay, let's be gay, boys—We'll quaff, we'll

а poco, а poco.



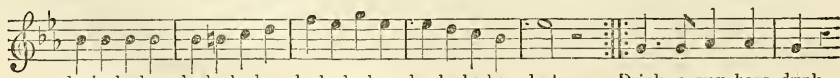
quaff from this cup, ha ha ! 'Tis night all around us, 'tis night all a- round us,



'tis night all a-round us. Drink, boys, drink, drink, boys, drink, drink a-way, boys,



drink, drink, drink, The sun's ap-pear-ing now; Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha



ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ! Drink a-way, boys, drink,



drink, drink, The sun's ap- pear - ing now; Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

1st time. 2nd time.

ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Drink, boys,
 drink! Drink a-way, boys, drink, drink, drink; The sun's ap-pear-ing now,—
 But let the draught, but let the draught, but let the draught, let the draught be wa-ter,
 be wa-ter! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! ha!
 Drink a-way, boys, drink, drink, drink, The sun's ap-pear-ing now; Drink, a-way, boys,
 drink, drink,—But let the draught be wa-ter, wa-ter,—But let the draught be wa-ter,
 wa-ter!—Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! - -

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 196, Price 3d.

Grazioso con Anima.

The sol-dier bold, when the bu-gles sound, Must start from his plea-sant sleep, To
 mea-sure a-lone his wea-ry round, On the gloo-my cas-tle keep; But
 we, mer-ry men, in the path-less woods, Where the nim-ble wild deer run, We
 rise when we will, and sleep when we can, And bend the knee to none. Oh, a
 mer-ry life is ours, I ween, At morn in the fo-rest free, And

Ad lib. *A Tempo*



quaffing at e'en the jol-ly brown ale, All un-der the green-wood tree.

The monk must go when the abbot calls,
To chaunt his vesper hymn ;
Aud warder watch from his loophole grate,
At the hour of midnight dim ;

But we, merry men, in the gay greenwood
We own no master's sway ;
But live to be happy when we can,
And jolly while we may.

Oh, a merry life, &c.

THE WIFE'S SONG.

The Poetry by a Lady ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

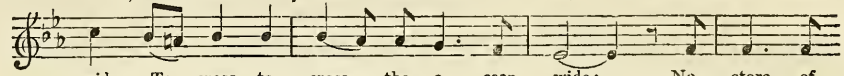
Andante.



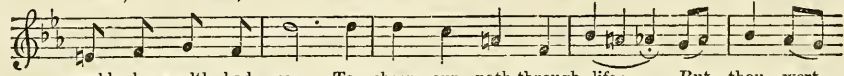
E - le - ven years have pass'd a - way Since I be - came a



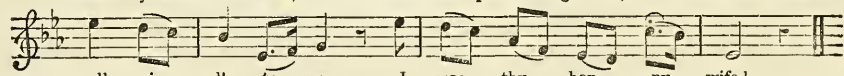
bride, And left my na - tive land with thee, To cross the o - cean



wide ; To cross, to cross the o - cean wide : No store of



world - ly wealth had we, To cheer our path through life ; But thou wert



all in all to me— I was thy hap - py wife !

But, when Colombia's free-born sons
Thy matchless talent knew,
With buoyant hope for fortune's smiles
Thou bad'st thy wife adieu ;
One blessed pledge of love was ours,
To cheer my lonely life ;
And, as I heard thy fame resound,
I felt a happy wife !
Year after year roll'd on its course,
Yet time brought some allow :
Again I felt a mother's pains,
And felt a mother's joy.

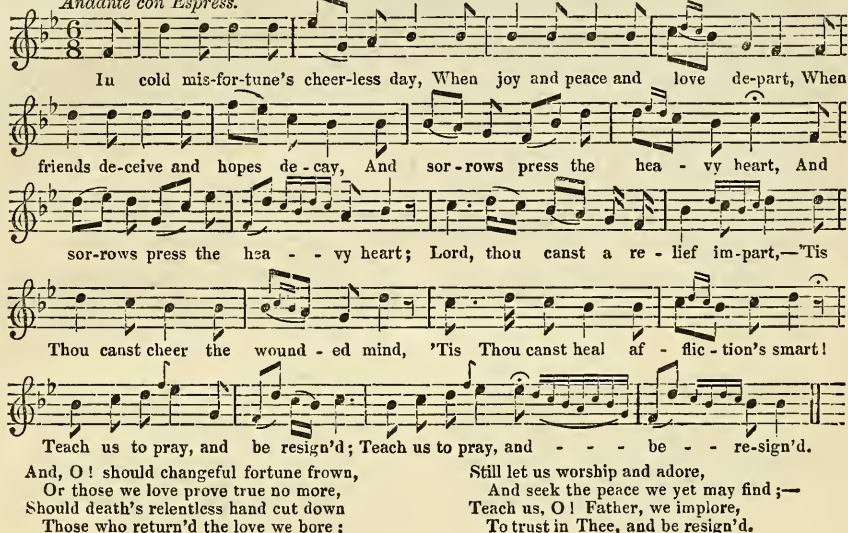
Thou wert not there to join their sports,
Nor watch their playful strife ;
And, as I press'd them to my heart,
I felt a mournful wife !
But now the storm has pass'd away :
Like Noah's wand'ring dove,
I've found, at last, a resting-place,
A happy home of love.
May'st thou, dear husband ! ever find,
In future days through life,
For blessings that I now enjoy,
I am a grateful wife !

HENRY RUSSELL'S SACRED SONGS.

RESIGNATION.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 488, Price 3d.
Andante con Espress.



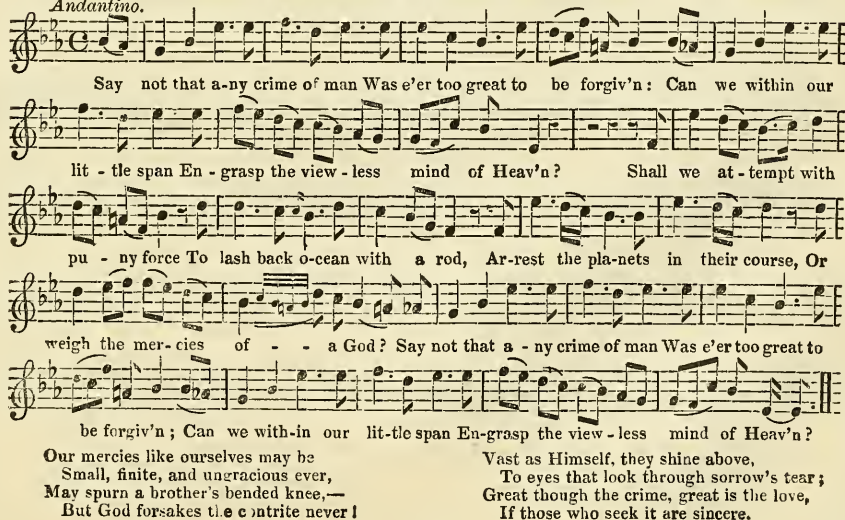
In cold mis-for-tune's cheer-less day, When joy and peace and love de-part, When
friends de-ceive and hopes de-cay, And sor-rows press the hea - vy heart, And
sor-rows press the hea - - vy heart; Lord, thou canst a re - lief im-part,—'Tis
Thou canst cheer the wound - ed mind, 'Tis Thou canst heal af - fic - tion's smart!
Teach us to pray, and be resign'd; Teach us to pray, and - - - be - - re-sign'd.
And, O! should changeful fortune frown,
Or those we love prove true no more,
Should death's relentless hand cut down
Those who return'd the love we bore;

Still let us worship and adore,
And seek the peace we yet may find;—
Teach us, O! Father, we implore,
To trust in Thee, and be resign'd.

THE INFINITUDE OF MERCY.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 462, Price 3d.
Andantino.



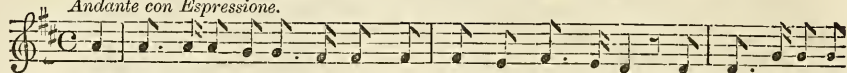
Say not that a - ny crime of man Was e'er too great to be forgiv'n: Can we within our
lit - tle span En - grasp the view - less mind of Heav'n? Shall we at - tempt with
pu - ny force To lash back o - cean with a rod, Ar - rest the pla - nets in their course, Or
weigh the mer - cies of - - a God? Say not that a - ny crime of man Was e'er too great to
be forgiv'n; Can we with - in our lit - tle span En - grasp the view - less mind of Heav'n?
Our mercies like ourselves may be
Small, finite, and ungracious ever,
May spurn a brother's bended knee,—
But God forsakes the c on - trite never!

Vast as Himself, they shine above,
To eyes that look through sorrow's tear;
Great though the crime, great is the love,
If those who seek it are sincere.

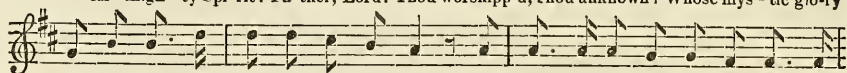
ALMIGHTY SPIRIT.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook.

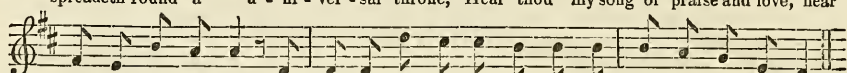
Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 242, Price 3d.

Andante con Espressione.

Al - migh - ty Spi - rit! Fa - ther, Lord! Thou worshipp'd, Thou unknown! Whose mys - tic glo - ry



spreadeth round a u - ni - ver - sal throne, Hear thou my song of praise and love, hear



thou my song, oh God! My tem - ple - dome is thy broad sky, my kneel - ing - place thy sod.

I thank thee, God, enough of joy has mark'd my span of days,
To fill my heart with gratitude, and wake the words of praise;
I have accepted at thy hands much more of good than ill,
And all of trouble has but shown the wisdom of thy will.

I look upon the yellow fields, I pluck the wild hedge-flow'r,
And pause to bless Thy lavish hand, and wonder at its pow'r.
I see too much of happiness for human hearts to find,
To hold the Maker that bestows as aught else but the kind:
Let man be but as kind to man, and soon our woe and strife
Would fade away like mists, and leave us well content with life.

I see the climbing sun disperse the misty clouds of night,
And pour devotion to the One who said 'Let there be light';
I watch the peeping star that gleams from out the hazy west,
And offer thanks to Him who gave his creatures hours of rest.

I see the crystal dew-drop stand upon the bending stem,
And find as much of glory there as in the diamond gem;
And what is death, that e'en its thought should make us sigh and weep?
The grave, to me, but seems a couch of sound and holy sleep.

Why should I dread the fiat, when my trusting spirit knows
That he who bids my eyelids fall will watch their last repose?

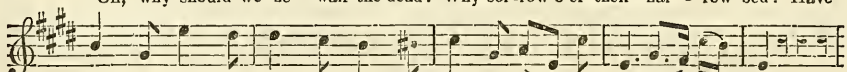
OH, WHY SHOULD WE BEWAIL THE DEAD.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

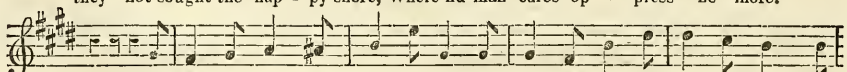
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Allegretto.

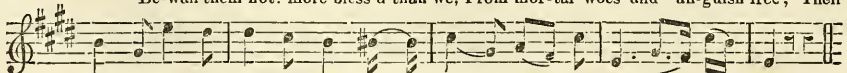
Oh, why should we be - wail the dead? Why sor - row o'er their nar - row bed? Have



they not sought the hap - py shore, Where hu - man cares op - press no more.



Be-wail them not! more bless'd than we, From mor - tal woes and an - guish free; Their



par - ted spi - rits rest in peace, In the still land where trou - bles cease.

Bewail them not! their bright abode
Is with a Father and a God;
Freed from corruption's cold embrace,
They see th' Almighty face to face.

Then weep not for the quiet dead,
Nor sorrow o'er their narrow bed;
For, in the land where troubles cease,
Their parted spirits rest in peace.

THE DOVE OF NOAH.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 463, Price 3d.

Moderato con Espress.

Hope on her wings and God her guide, The Dove of No-ah soar'd Far through the dim un-
fathom'd space, Where shore-less o - cean roar'd, - Where shoreless o - cean roar'd; But
ah! she found no val-ley green, No rest-ing-place, no track, Un - till the peace-ful
ark receiv'd The wea-ry wand'rer back. - - - Hope on her wings, and God her guide, The
Dove of No-ah soar'd, Far through the dim unfathom'd space, Where shoreless o - cean roar'd.

So we, on life's tempestuous sea,
Beset with grief and pain,
May seek a solace here below,
And find the search in vain.
A resting-place for weary man
Is only found above;

The ark to which the soul returns
Is the Almighty's love:
So we, on life's tempestuous sea,
Beset with grief and pain,
May seek a so'ace here below,
But find the search in vain.

THE PILGRIM'S ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe.

Published, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Musical Treasury, No. 203, Price 3d.

Andante con Anima.

Thou art, O God! the fount di-vine, From whence all earth - ly blessings flow: Where-
e'er we turn, thy glo - ries shine, And all things praise thee here be - low. The
ra - dian sun which gilds the day, The count - less stars that gem the night,
Owe all their splendour to thy sway, Great source of all things fair and bright! If
Pil-grim thoughts as - cend on high, All things a - dore thee! so do I!

We hail, O God! the vital ray,
With holy inspiration rife:—
Its bright reflection points the way
Which leads to everlasting life.
The changing seasons, as they roll,

Thy pow'r and wisdom, Lord, proclaim!
All creatures join, from pole to pole,
In loud hosannas to thy name!
If Pilgrim pray'rs are heard on high,
All things adore thee! so do I!

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410 Ah, how the Night is lovely, from Haydee
115-16 Ah Me, that Night would ne'er be gone, with
Duet, The Hour is Come, from Fidelio
515 A Home in the Heart, by Eliza Cook
707 Albion's Island Queen, New Loyal and Patri-
otic Effusion by E. L. Blanchard, Esq., and
J. N. Sola Esq.
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40 A Life on the Ocean Wave, by Henry Russell
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gently—Air, both from La Sonnambula
381 All Things love Thee, so do I, by Charles Horn;
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and Happy Days of Childhood, H. Russell
689 Ben Bolt; and Ben Bolt's Reply, 'Ah! yes, I
remember that Name'
263 Blow, ye gentle Breezes, and The Treasure-
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245 Bud not yet—E! Assiria; and Blow, ye Wind—
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561 Christmas Eve, by G. Rodwell, with Engraving
184 Come, Brothers, arouse, by Henry Russell
221 Come, fill the Cup, by Henry Russell
100 Come, my Friends, to Druids' March in Norma,
and Pale Daisies, to Ah vello, in same Opera
334-5 Come shuning forth, my Dearest; and Chide
me, chide me, from Don Juan
302 Cupid mid the Roses Playing, by Knight; and
Shield's Bud of the Rose
401 Dainty Dolly, a Ditty for Dainty Damsels
133 Dark-eyed Beauty, to the Air 'Tu non sai,'
and Let not Sorrow, to the Air 'Ah! non
giunge,' from La Sonnambula
431 Day again sending, Al mio Pregar, Semiramide
344 Dear Janet, by Henry Russell
409 Dear Native Venice, from Haydee
275 Deep in the Abruzzi, and Maidens, would you
know, from Flotow's Stradella
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614 Don't you like my Bloomer? (Comic)
213 Dying Legacy, by J. M. Church and H. Russell
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450 Farewell, noble Venice; and From Infancy,
both from Auber's Haydee
97 Farewell to Winter—Casta Diva, Norma
276 Fill, fill, from Flotow's Stradella; with Trio
109 Flow, thou Regal Purple Stream
374-5 Fly then, my Love—Il mio Tesoro; and List
and I'll find, Love—Vedrai Carino, Don Juan
403 For Tenderness form'd; The Streamlet; My
Lodging is on the cold Ground; and Tell
me, babbling Echo [Tune, Robert le Diable
349 Fortune, Star of those that love Thee—O For-
732-3 Founding of the Bell, Poetry by Dr. Mackay,
Music by H. Russell, splendidly embellished
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and Hark, the Trumpet's glad Sounds
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92 Green Bushes, as sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam
580 Guy Fawkes (Comic)
34 Had I a Heart for Falsehood fram'd; I have a
Silent Sorrow here; and Pray, Goodby
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the Deh Perdona in Verdi's Nino
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534 Home sweet Home; & She never told her Love
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mine Eyes, from Der Freyschutz
609 How may Mortals Good discover—Gente e
qui l'Uccellatore; If Lutes can fire the
savage Breast—Quel suono ohime, Magic
Flute, Mozart
429 How sad, how still—Bel Raggio, Semiramide
579 Husband's Dream, by Henry Russell
46 Hush, ye pretty warbling Choir, by Handel
145 I am a Friar of Orders Gray
90 I am a Young Man that's most highly Respectable
196 I care not for Spring, C. Dickens and H. Russell
637 I live in a World of my own, by F. A. Davidson,
Music by Jolly
285 I'll sail upon the Mighty Main, by Eliza Cook
to the Music of the Brazilian Hymn
52 I love my Love, and The Cabin-Boy
25 I love the Night, with the Air for the Pianoforte
by Henry Russell
21 Ivy Green, by Charles Dickens and H. Russell
411-12 I was won by her Beauty, Haydee, with Due
325 Jug of Punch, from the Green Bushes
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and Who deeply drinks of Wine
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186 Let's be Gay, Laughing Song, by H. Russell
134-5 Like the gentle West Wind blowing,
to Ah! perche, non posse, and All are Joyful,
to 'Tutto e gioia,' from La Sonnambula
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roes, by Blanchard

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 die, Robert le Diable [Wood-Robin
 382 On the Banks of Allan Water; and Julia to the
 5 On Yonder Rock reclining, Fra Diavolo
 298 Open thy Lattice, Love, by J. P. Knight
 535 O, rest thee, Babe; and The Pranks of Echo
 596 O, say not Woman's Heart is bought
 490 O, Sister Dear, from Masaniello
 519 O, there's a sweeter Empire far, and Pour Ber-
 tha, from Le Prophete
 578 O, the Roast Beef of Old England, Song and
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 from Auber's Azael the Prodigal
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 first this humble Roof I knew [Blewitt
 666 The Voice and the Flower, Swiss Song by J.
 756 The Wedding Song, and Barcarolle from Meyer-
 beer's L'Etoile du Nord
 102 The Wide Wide World, by J. Magrath
 513-14 The World is on the Move, by H. Russell, with
 his Portrait

- 11 They tell me thou art False, Love—Clombro
o Torellora, from the Magic Flute, Mozart
511-12 Time is a Blessing—the Early-Closing Song,
by Henry Russell
247-8 Though Woman may be Inconstant; Yet another
Day; & Must I leave the Friends, Nino
394 Trouble your Heads with your own Affairs,
Poetry by Eliza Cook, Music by Blewitt
189-90 Tubal Cain, by C. Mackay and H. Russell
634 Tuneless Bells, Poetry by G. Daniel, Music by Jolly
297 'Twill be all the same 100 Years hence, Leder
573 Vicar of Bray, slightly altered, and dedicated to
the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Exeter
691 Vilikens and his Dinah, with the Additions of
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Chorus, and Portrait in Colours
199-200 Vision of the Reveller, by Henry Russell
455 Wapping Old Stairs, the Original Ballad, with
R. G. Pigot's new Drawing-Room Song
181 We met in other Years; and Air, Old King Time,
H. Russell
202 We were Boys together, by Henry Russell
432 What is in Riches—Giuro Animi, and How fair
the Heavens—Dolce Pensiero, Semiramide
345 When I left my Norman Valleys—Quand j'ai
quitté Normandie, from Robert le Diable
373 When Women warm us—Finch' han dal Vino,
from Don Giovanni [Billy Lackaday
574 Where are you going, my pretty Maid; and
1 Where the Bee Sucks; and Daisies Pied and Vio-
lets Blue, from Shakspeare, by Dr. Arne
228 Where there's a Will there's a Way, H. Russell
709-10 While this Heart, and Oh! I cannot give
Expression, from La Sonnambula
575 Why are you Wandering here, I pray
140 Why Chime the Bells, by J. P. Knight; and
Down among the Dead Men
255 Why does Emmeline wander, by M. W. Balfe
158 Why don't you come, Love, Serenade, by Jolly
423-4 Wife's Dream, by Henry Russell
216 Wife's Song, by Henry Russell
193 Will Nobody Marry me? Comic, H. Russell
209-10 Wind of the Winter, Cantata, H. Russell
48 Woodman, spare that Tree, by H. Russell
303 Wolf, by Shield, Accompaniments by H. West
273 Would I were, sweet Bird; and Love, they say,
both from Flotow's Stradella
663-4 Young King Coke, a Merrie Legend and
Railway-Buffer Extravaganza, Poem by
E. L. Blanchard, Music by J. Blewitt
71 You tell me, dear Girl, by H. Sefton

574 SCOTCH SONGS.

- 11 A Man's a Man for a' that; & Jock o' Hazeldean
252 Auld Robin Gray as Song and Chorus
307 Auld Lang Syne, and The Jolly Beggar
629 Bonnie Dundee, Song and Chorus
761-2 Caller Herrin', with Imitation of the Cry,
as sung by the Misses Bennett, and coloured
Engraving of the Newhaven Fishwomen
465 Charlie is my Darling—Thou art gane awa'—
and the De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman
36 Comin' through the Rye, and My Ain Fireside
467 Duncan Gray—There's nae Luck about the
Hoose—and Bonny Wee Thing
484 Flora McDonald's Lament; and Tak' yer auld
Cloak about ye
468 Green grow the Rashes—O, whistle, and I'll
come to Thee; and My Boy Tammy
494 Happy Friendship—Wae's me for Prince Char-
lie—and Wanderin' Willie
77 I'm owre Young to Marry; and Waly, Waly
58 John Anderson my Jo, and My Bonnie Plaid
416 Lass o' Gowrie—Mary Morison—and Wilt thou
164 The Bonnie Wee Wife [be my Dear
138 My Bosom Flower
28 My Heart is Sair; and We're a' Noddin'
482 My Joe Janet—Wha wadna fecht for Char-
lie?—and Come under my Plaidy
493 My Tocher's the Jewel; and Bide ye yet
454 O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me? and the
Laird o' Cockpen
481 Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch—Birks of Aberfeldy—
and Saw ye my Wee Thing

- 463 Scots, whaee—Farewell to Lochaber—and Ge
up an' bar the Door [monized for 3 Voices
758 The Blue Bells of Scotland, as Solo, and har-
483 The Wae'fu' Heart; Ofa' the Airts; and O, this
is no' my ain Hoose [and Annie Laurie
404 Ye Banks and Braes—Last May a braw Wooser—

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ARRANGED MOSTLY FOR THREE VOICES; WITH
PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

- 528 Ah! how Sophia (A House on Fire); Give me
the sweet Delights of Love; Fye, nay, pri-
thee; and The Sneezing Catch
43-4 Are the White Hours for ever fled; and Time,
fly with greater Speed
307 Auld Lang Syne, Solo & Chorus; & Jolly Beggar
86 Bells of St. Michael's Tower, by Knyvett
523 Boat Glee, by H. West, R.A.
54 Britain's Best Bulwarks
296 Canadian Boat-Song
129 Cheerfulness, by Henry West, R.A.M.
445 Come, let us all a-Maying go; and 3 Catches
390 Come on, Jolly Hearts, Canon, by Dr. Hayes;
and Forgive, bless'd Shade
258-9 Curfew, by Attwood, and two Rounds, Hark the
Bonnie Christ-Church Bells, and Wind
gentle Evergreens
60 Dame Durden; and Catch, Wo Dobbin
267 Dance, Boatman, Dance, for three Voices
2-6 Down among the Dead Men; and Catch, To the
525 Erl-King, by Calcott [Old Long Life
3 Fair Flora Decks, &c.
446 Five Times by the Taper's Light; and To all
you Ladies now on Land
276 Gently, softly, by Flotow; and Song, Fill, fill
524 Gipsies' Glee, by W. Reeve
111 Glorious Apollo, and Hail to Victoria
53 God save the Queen, Solo, Duet, Trio, and Cho-
rus; and Non Nobis Domine
20 Hail, smiling Morn, for Three Voices
225 Hail, smiling Morn, for Four Voices
24 Hark the Lark, and the Laughing Catch
76 Here in Coul Grot [a Boat—Round
51 Here's a Health to all good Lasses, and A Boat,
156 Huntsmen's Chorus in Der Freyschutz
372 It was a Friar of Orders Gray, Calcott
72 I went to the Fair, Whitaker, harmonized Song
299 Life's a Bumper
555 Lo, Morn is Breaking, Canon, to the Perfida
Clori, by Cherubini, English and Italian
632 Martini's celebrated Laughing Trio, 'Vauasivia
di qua,' with Italian and English Words
30 O Happy, Happy Fair
569 Old England, the Queen, and the Church
15-16 Red-Cross Knight; and Care thou Canker
52-83 Rejoice the Morn is Breaking, introducing 35
London Cries; and the Yawning Catch
55 Rule Britannia, Song and Chorus
447 See our Oars with Feather'd Spray
572 The Alderman's Thumb
389 The Bonny Bonny Owl, by Davy
657-8 The Bridge of Sighs, Hood's Immortal Poem,
now first harmonized for four Voices
35 The May-Fly
571 Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut, for three Voices
9-10 Witches, from Macbeth, and Two Rounds
369 When Arthur first, Calcott
526 When Sappho Tun'd, by Danby
527 When Time was Entwining, Calcott; and
Breathe soft, ye Winds, Paxton
623 When the Rosy Morn appearing, by Shield
570 Where the Bee sucks, for three Voices
160 Ye Gentlemen of England, and a Catch
318-19 Ye Spotted Snakes, and Lightly Tread
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